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THE  
DEATH-FLAG.

BY MISS CRUMPE,

AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND ;

OR,

IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH."

&c.

&c.

&c.

" Has Godlike Charles (such matchless glories past)  
Conquer'd so oft, to be subdued at last ?"

ODE BY A SCORCH OFFICER IN 1746.

" A race of rugged mariners are these,  
Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas ;  
The native Islanders alone their care,  
And hateful *Æ* that breathes a foreign air."

POPE.

" I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

SHAKESPEARE.

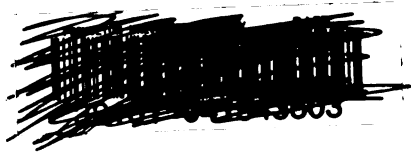
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :  
WILLIAM SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,  
20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1852.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.**



# THE DEATH-FLAG.

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## CHAPTER I.

"Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!"  
DOUGLAS.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."  
SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh! ye immortal gods, again within his power!  
Then farewell Hope!"  
LANGTON.

"Desp'rate to the last, he partially succeeds."  
ADDISON.

6-11-44 J.S.  
"JUST be said and led by me, Masther *achree*!  
an' I'll lay my life we'll get out o' this  
throuble, an' gim my Lord Ogilvie a kick in  
his gallop, afore as many hours run away as  
I've fingers an' toes;" cautiously whispered  
Dan Connell in his most conciliating tone,  
as, twitching The O'Sullivan's sleeve, he  
endeavoured to calm that species of mental  
irritation which Byron has emphatically de-  
nominated "silent rages."

VOL. II.

B

(RECAP)

“ How the devil can we do that ? ” asked Murty Oge, in the suppressed voice of one who was struggling with intense passion. Haven’t you thrust me into this fog-bank of a Chapel, and forced me to sculk from my foes, when I might have made sail and beat them ? By the soul of my Father, I’ll face the——”

“ Masther ! Masther ! only lend me your ear afore you’re a dead man intirely ;— Och ! if you care a sthraw for your throe-born foster-brother, or for your own good, stop awhile till I spaak wid you,” whispered Dan, his fears and affection getting more and more excited as he fell on his knees between his Chief and the door, and clasped his hands with greater vehemence than ever.

The action and words of his faithful servant made The O’Sullivan pause, and, translating the silence as a tacit permission to continue his *sotto voce* appeal, Connell, in very low, rapid, and earnest accents, said,—

“ Shure if ’twas only my own four bones I was thinkin’ of, I couldn’t wish greater glory than to see mysef kilt along side o’ the Earl o’ Bearhaven ! But wouldn’t it be a burnin’ shame an’ a thousand pities to give the likes o’ your Honour’s Honour pop into

the fangs o' thim Philisthines outside, who by raison o' their numbers would in coorse thin bate us as sure as a gun? Don't be ruinating yoursef, and the Cause, an' the Clan, thin wid any such notions; but considher how the Cutther 'ill be back at eleven o'clock,—only two hours off from this very time;—an' remimber you towld her not to stir a cable's length till you comed to imbark; an' bid Thady Flannigan keep 'The Rose' in wait-in' t'other side o' the island, where our innimies niver 'ill dhrame iv turnin' their eyes to see in the dark;—an' bethink you, Sir, that though all the best of our crew, as bad luck would have it, 'ill have gone from Dursey Island in Barney Donoghue's ship on the coorse to Oporto, that your Honour ordhered, yit we'll have six tight boys besides our two sefs to man 'The Rose,' our 'darlint Cutther, to Bantry-Bay. So all we've to do is to wait wid the patience of Job till the middle o' the night, whin we'll let ourse'fs down through the little thrap-door, an' stale as asy away as a thief of a cat wud walk on a pipin' hot griddle o' praties—an' thin' all right, an' tight, an' nate, we'll catch up the women below in the Cave, an' be off in style to the

Cutther, that 'ill be back by that time, an' thin in the crack iv a fan we'll be over the saas to ould Ireland, afore thim schamin' blackguards (the divil be wid 'em!) are out o' their first dhramin' sleep. Now, Sir, don't I spaak sinse?"

The voluble Dan started to his feet, checking his whispered eloquence as he put the last question. The Rapparee in a low earnest voice supported Connell's proposal; and Father Syl, who had hitherto stood almost petrified with terror, now in the faintest breath added two or three quaking words in approval of the bold advice which had been given. Though the rolling eyes, fallen under-jaw, and shaking knees of the unhappy Priest gave a sort of mocking effect to his urgent entreaties, still to a certain degree they operated upon Murty Oge, who, suppressing the smile of humoursome contempt which curled his lip, fell into a fit of musing, and restrained his excited spirit sufficiently to reflect with coolness on the real nature of the circumstances that surrounded him. Had The O'Sullivan followed his predominant inclination, he would certainly have risked a contest with foes whose numbers, in compari-

son with those of his own party, were in the unequal ratio of four to one ; but as he opposed the chances of success to those of defeat, and remembered the hundreds who trusted to his guidance for the accomplishment of various bold enterprises, which, long since planned, were yet to be achieved, he mastered his first emotions, and, with a self-control worthy of being exerted in a better cause, determined to follow the advice of his companions. As The O'Sullivan came to this decision, he briefly whispered his assent to the wishes of his followers, who could scarcely forbear from audibly expressing their applause.

The hours seemed slow and dreary to the prisoners in the Chapel before the time arrived when they judged it prudent to essay the stolen movement they had planned. Hitherto, they had remained as still as possible, but when, according to their best calculations, midnight had arrived, they determined to attempt the proposed escape. The operation of raising the trap-door was almost as noiseless as any that had preceded it ; but though our fugitives, after reaching the slab, which it will be recollected lay beneath,

used every precaution in coaxing the trap-door to a closing position, yet the creak that accompanied the process of elevating and depressing it had not been quite imperceptible to the ears of the inmates of the Cave, though the sounds failed to reach the more distant ones of Ogilvie. In consequence of this, Norah, with ready self-possession, extinguished the lamp before a ray of its dim light had gleamed upon the Pirates.

“Bad manners to you for a *glageen*\* iv a thrap-door; you’ll let on our escape to thim outside, who, for sartin, wud ate us all up in a bit, if they smoked our intintions,” cried Connell, in a voice so little modulated to the necessities of the case that The O’Sullivan seized his arm, and in a hollow whisper angrily commanded silence, at the same time ordering the Rapparee to remain as a watch beside the trap-door until he and his foster-brother gained the Cave; after which it was agreed that the Sentinel *pro tempore* should follow with the Priest to join their Chieftain.

The penitent Dan felt self-convicted of imprudence; and to atone for his uncal-

\* A silly creature.

culating vehemence scarcely drew a breath while he obeyed his Master. Without losing a moment, The O'Sullivan rushed down the steps and ran across the cavern to a particular spot, which no darkness could prevent his practised steps from reaching. At once determining, and acting on a sudden purpose, Edith O'Moore stole after him, and so rapid and noiseless was her motion that ere a human being was aware of her intention she had glided from behind the back of The O'Sullivan, and passed unnoticed through a secret entrance he threw open, and which had been artfully concealed among the intricacies of the cavern.

Meantime, with a terrified grasp, Father Syl, who had just descended with the Rapparee, impulsively clung for protection to Dan Connell; so that while the latter was trying to shake off his ponderous burthen, The O'Sullivan gained many yards in advance; and, before his foster-brother reached his side, had flung the private entrance open, through which Edith O'Moore had escaped without discovery.

The starlight that shortly afterwards gleamed suddenly through the half-open portal fell directly upon Eva and her Nurse,

and betrayed their shrinking figures as, afraid to breathe, they were stealthily trying to creep into a hiding-place, at the moment when The O'Sullivan, angry at the delay of his followers, returned to the cavern.

“Do not, do not force us to go with you—in mercy do not!” cried Eva Dillon, as, seeing that all hope of personal concealment was gone, she clasped her hands and held them up in supplication, while she flung herself at the feet of the dreaded Chieftain; but on instinctively turning her head to the spot where Edith O'Moore had stood, the shock of missing her was almost too great for a frame previously exhausted by the highest excitement. The forlorn helplessness of her condition rushed at once on Eva's mind, and falling back into the arms of her expostulating Nurse, she attempted no resistance to the grasp of The O'Sullivan, when, darting forward, he gagged and blindfolded her, while Connell did the same to his Sister, whose further remonstrances were thus quickly silenced. By the time those praiseworthy manoeuvres were performed, the Rapparee appeared dragging forward our valiant Priest, who, when thrown off by Dan

Connell, had slunk for protection to his former guardian ; and now gaping, puffing, and perspiring through every pore, waddled to the scene of action, his countenance fraught with a sort of serio-comic expression of mortal fear.

"The Saints protect us !" he stammered forth in great alarm.

"Follow, and be silent, as you value life," said The O'Sullivan in an authoritative whisper.

Thus exhorted, Father Syl obeyed. Murty Oge bearing Eva in his arms, and Connell charged with the heavier burthen of his Sister, then passed through the secret entrance, followed by the Rapparee and his Reverence, who, with ears lifted erect, like those of the frightened hare, and crouching much in the attitude which that animal assumes when apprehending a pursuit, could scarcely muster courage to obey the order he had previously received to fasten the subterranean entrance to the Cave. This indispensable act, however, he contrived to perform with due caution ; after which, in panting silence, he crept quite close to his companions as they stole with cat-like pace along a narrow

irregular track, under shelter of the rocks which projected over the waters on one side of the creek that lay outside the Pirates' Cave.

At a short distance The O'Sullivan's cutter was moored, with her head to sea, and near the wind, awaiting the appearance of the Irish Buccaneers. Her boat, agreeably to the order which The O'Sullivan had given, was lying close to the shore, directed by two sailors. To those men their Chieftain made a sign for silence, that abundantly denoted the importance of his mute command, and the temper in which it was dictated. His wishes were understood, and instantly obeyed. Without even a whisper being breathed, the feeble resistance of Eva and her Nurse was quickly conquered; and, in a few moments, the whole party were seated in the boat. The seamen performed their duties so cautiously that the sounds of the oars were nearly inaudible; and, ere many instants had expired, their little bark was brought under the bow of the adjacent ship. By the successful assistance of all hands, the terrified women were safely placed within the vessel, to which Father Syl was hoisted with still greater difficulty.

The next moment, the Pirates were on board, and the boat was hauled up the side of the Cutter. Everything being in order, The O'Sullivan whispered the word "Heave!" No sooner was it uttered than the little vessel cut the parting waters, and with swelling sails swept through them towards Ireland; while, as if to screen her from detection, mists and clouds rolled over the face of the moon, and the obscurity of night suddenly increased to almost total darkness. Aided by this circumstance and a highly-favourable breeze, the vessel, as quiet as the grave, securely rode the open sea undiscovered by the anxious Lord Ogilvie, who, absorbed in his own thoughts, was pacing the side of the Skelig Rocks that lay exactly in a contrary direction to the one from which our voyagers embarked.

## CHAPTER II.

"He was resolv'd to find the means  
That might secure th' event."

DRYDEN.

"Oh fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Women! help Heaven! Men their creation mar  
In profiting by them:—nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous on false prints."

IDEM.

THE wandering course of our narrative conducts us now to William Sullivan. Passing over all the minor circumstances that occurred during his voyage, and after his arrival in France (where his recent crime was yet unknown to the public), we shall briefly inform the reader that his indefatigable endeavours to find Lord Ogilvie, and

to discover the real object of his enemy's love, had been hitherto unsuccessful. Still bent, however, on accomplishing his object, Sullivan, as a last resource, resolved to wait on Lady Tullibardine with a view to working out some information on the object that engrossed his mind. With consummate art and from unquestionable authority, he had ascertained that his person was unknown to the Marchioness, and that she was still ignorant of the dreadful fate of Edith O'Moore.

Through the same channel, he had heard of the mysterious disappearance of Miss Dillon, which the public inquiries just instituted made a common topic of discourse; and in connexion with the singular story that was bruited in different versions throughout Paris, Sullivan had been informed that the fair object of general discussion was the *protégée* of Lady Tullibardine. He further learned that the Marchioness was so much afflicted by the fate of her young friend, that she remained in the solitude of suffering at her *château*, declining to admit all visitors, and caring for no event which was not associated with her present train of feeling. It

so happened that in the hurried and garbled statement of our heroine's story which Sullivan received, no mention had been made of the Lord Ogilvie.

Unsuspicious, therefore, of many circumstances, which, if known, would have profoundly interested him, and little animated by those he had actually heard, William Sullivan, with a false strength which villany and passion often give, determined to obtain an interview with Lady Tullibardine. To account for his solicitude upon the point, he resolved to pretend to be the bearer of intelligence respecting Edith O'Moore. The sanction of her name, and the concealment of his own beneath a fictitious one, he trusted would effect the meeting he desired. While arranging this scheme, he recollected that a gold chain of very peculiar workmanship, bearing a still more singular medallion, which his ill-fated victim had worn on the night of her abduction, chanced to be in his possession; and his active imagination at once suggested that this trinket might be used to authenticate the tale he had invented for the ear of his intended dupe.

The design was no sooner laid than executed.

William Sullivan left Paris, and, with the utmost speed, adjourned to St. Brieux, where, merely waiting to make a prepossessing toilet, he proceeded to the Château de Tullibardine.

Taming his features and manners into their most pleasing expression, the Heir of Ross Mac Owen rode to the door of the Castle, and requested an audience with its noble Mistress. The aged butler, who answered the knock of Sullivan, gave a peremptory denial, on the ground which previous information led the visitor to expect. With becoming gravity and gentleness, highly to his advantage in the eyes of the family servant, our manœuvrer plausibly accounted for his importunity by stating his recent arrival from Ireland, and his anxiety to deliver in person a particular message to Lady Tullibardine, with which he had been charged by Miss O'Moore! That name at once appeared to soften the determination of the old domestic, who, after a few minutes' parley, retired to acquaint his Mistress with the plea on which the stranger urged his request. To the anxious Pirate-Captain time moved slowly during the next three or four moments. At last, however, the servant returned,

bearing the consent so much desired ; for the Marchioness, uneasy at the period that had passed since she received a letter from her beloved Edith, resolved to admit the individual who promised information on a topic of such interest to her heart.

Sullivan's eye took a quick survey of the Lady Tullibardine when, admitted to her presence, he introduced himself as Mr. Sarsdale, the near relation of our old acquaintance Mrs. Dorothy, and, *par conséquence*, the cousin of Miss O'Moore. The well-remembered chain and medallion were then produced and delivered to the Marchioness as pledges of fond affection from the latter, our visitor framing an additional falsehood to promote his plans, by stating that a sprain in the right wrist had prevented Edith from writing. The accident, however, being represented in a trivial light, created little alarm in the mind of Lady Tullibardine, and the gratifying intelligence which her visitor hastened to communicate of his *cousin's* general health, united to an assurance of Mrs. Sarsdale's increased regard for her, calmed every fear to rest. Indeed, all that Sullivan said was so plausibly devised and

naturally delivered, that his acting completely imposed upon his unsuspecting auditors. A doubt of deceit or treachery never entered her mind, as, passing the chain of gold around her neck, she made the suitable acknowledgments, and requested her visitor to take a seat.

Though not quite in her *première jeunesse*, the Lady Tullibardine retained considerable beauty. While she listened to the fabrications of her new acquaintance, her ingenuous countenance expressed the several feelings that were successively elicited by his details; but the glow which lighted up her faded cheek almost with the richness of a youthful bloom soon passed away; and, as Sullivan took the proffered chair and concluded his narrative, she turned her tearful eyes on his, and said with much emotion—

“The good tidings, Mr. Sarsdale, which you bring me of my absent Edith are particularly cheering to me now, when ——”

Agitated even at this slight recurrence to the fate of her beloved Eva, Lady Tullibardine was obliged to pause; and Sullivan, as if he had learned by her countenance to comprehend the workings of her mind, and to catch the connexion of her thoughts, immediately

exclaimed, with well-feigned sympathy,—  
“I have heard of the extraordinary circumstance to which, dear Madam, you allude with so much pain; how I wish that my poor services could be of use in clearing up the mystery attending it. ! The more I think of the affair, the more settled is the hold which it has taken of my mind. I know that every public means has been adopted to discover the fate of Miss Dillon and her servant; but perhaps the activity of private friendship might ——”

“Alas! alas! even *that* as yet has failed!” interrupted the Marchioness; and the slight shudder that passed through her frame evinced the agitation which she vainly tried to conquer, while she said:—

“Your offer, Mr. Sarsdale, claims and receives my warmest thanks; but as inquiries of the nature you suggest are now being made by one most deeply interested in their success, I will not trespass on the kindness of a stranger. Lord Ogilvie acting on some private information, which, though vague, may prove of consequence, has sailed in quest of my beloved young friend. May God direct him!”

The mild eyes of Lady Tullibardine filled with tears as she uttered those words with a deep-felt reliance on the Power she invoked. An involuntary impulse made her in the same moment cover her face with her hands, and while large drops forced their way through the fingers that shaded her brow, she failed to observe the sort of half-start which even the duplicity of Sullivan had not been able to repress on receiving intelligence so unexpected as that which had been given. The main object of his visit seemed now to lie almost within his grasp, and, urged by overpowering excitement, he ventured to say, with an admirable show of feeling:—

“Heaven speed the undertaking!—From what you say, dear Madam, I judge that Lord Ogilvie was acquainted with your Ladyship’s fair young favourite?” added Sullivan, in an accent, half interrogatory, half assured.

“Yes, yes!” said the Marchioness, greatly agitated. Then, as if at the bidding of some sudden recollection, she added, endeavouring to speak calmly—“No one could know Eva Dillon without feeling interested for so sweet a being. Her mind—her manners—her disposition—her appearance, were all enchanting.

She comes as near perfection as frail humanity can reach; and is dear to me beyond what words can tell, almost as dear to me as the daughter I have lost! Would it not be strange then, Mr. Sarsdale, if Ogilvie, my own adopted son, who for some time past has known this beautiful and blessed creature, did not share my feelings upon her account, and bear down every obstacle to free our precious friend from mystery and danger?"

Notwithstanding the slight emphasis which was laid on the word *friend*, Sullivan felt convinced that he had now discovered the real object of his enemy's attachment. His breast throbbed with this consciousness, and swelled with anxiety to act upon it; but carefully concealing such an impression, our plotter, as if imbued with the very spirit of generosity, exclaimed:—

"It would be strange, indeed, if Lord Ogilvie, that renowned and gallant soldier, had not tried to rescue, at all risks, the maiden you describe, and of whose merits I have often heard my cousin, Edith, speak,—but, dear Madam, in an hour of alarm and dubious warfare, might not the sincere, though humble efforts of a sharer in the

rightful struggle be of service? I would at least endeavour to do something worthy of the honour which association with Lord Ogilvie ever must confer. To win *his* friendship and *your* favour is a glorious emulation. On the plea of my relationship to Edith, I beseech you to forget the recency of our acquaintance, and to treat me like a friend.—Tell me then, whither is Ogilvie gone? and let me join his Lordship's enterprise, to triumph in its cause, or die!"

Uttering those words, Sullivan laid his hand on Lady Tullibardine's arm with an air of generous enthusiasm, in which his unsuspecting hearer recognised the indications of a noble soul; and meeting the eyes that were piercingly fixed on hers, she said,—

"Great as is my admiration of your manly spirit, Mr. Sarsdale, I cannot put it to the test you ask, for I know not to what place Lord Ogilvie went. He had only time to write these words," added the Marchioness with a sigh that spoke the depth of her anxiety, while she drew from her escritoir a scrap of paper, and handed it to Sullivan.

In eager haste, he read the following lines,

which were evidently scrawled in the greatest agitation :—

“ To the Marchioness of Tullibardine.

“ I have heard what seems to bear on Eva's fate—to stop to tell it would be madness! My vessel waits—I go. Be of good courage, dearest Lady Tullibardine, and look for speedy tidings from your own devoted

“ OGILVIE.”

A rush of disappointment mantled on the forehead of Sullivan, and biting his lip, while his brows were drawn closer to his eyes, he rose from his seat, and said, in a voice studiously modulated to an accent of becoming resignation,—

“ I must submit, dear Madam, to the fate which in this matter seems determined to destroy my hopes; since it is so, I will pursue my former plan of travelling to Rome to-morrow.”

“ Will you indeed leave France so soon, and must I lose your acquaintance almost in the moment it is formed?” demanded the Marchioness in a tone of sincere regret.

“ If by remaining here I could in aught

contribute to your comfort, noble lady, I would readily postpone my journey; but I know the nature of your feelings at this crisis, and am assured my presence would intrude upon their sacredness: since, then, it is destined that my worthless life cannot be risked in the cause to which I would have willingly devoted it, I must turn my thoughts elsewhere. It is at least some comfort to reflect that Edith O'Moore has as yet been spared the knowledge of this sad affair."

"Oh, I have often said so!" exclaimed the Marchioness, in broken accents;—"I will leave her in that happy ignorance to the last moment. Do you not think it best to do so, Mr. Sarsdale?"

"Assuredly. It would be the height of cruelty to act otherwise; therefore, if I may presume to advise, I would counsel you to defer writing to Ireland as long as possible; indeed, until you gain definitive intelligence about Miss Dillon: meanwhile, I will write to my dear cousin Edith, to thank her for the kind reception which her name and message procured for me. Hence she will feel no uneasiness at your Ladyship's silence. And now, dear Madam, I can only repeat my fer-

vent wishes for Lord Ogilvie's success, and my hope that all your anxieties will quickly end. With your Ladyship's permission, my first visit, after I return from Italy, shall be here. Until then, Farewell."

"Oh, Mr. Sarsdale, take my thanks,—my heart's best thanks, and be assured my house will be for ever open to you!" said the Marchioness, various feelings appearing alternately on her expressive countenance as she gratefully pressed the hand which Sullivan extended while bidding her Adieu. The Pirate-Captain seemed too much touched to speak, and only looking his acknowledgments, he bowed profoundly, and then covering his face with his handkerchief, as if to conceal his emotion, withdrew and left the Castle. His subsequent proceedings will be given in a future chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

"The sunbeams streak the azure skies,  
And line with light the mountain's brow."

ROGERS.

"Ah, Fear! Ah, frantic Fear!  
I see—I see thee near.  
I know thy hurried step—thy haggard eye!  
Like thee I start."

COLLINS.

"'Twas his own voice—she could not err;  
Throughout the breathing world's extent  
There was but one such voice for her—  
So kind—so soft—so eloquent."

LALLA ROOKH.

WE shall now return to Edith O'Moore; taking up the thread of our narrative at the moment when, amid the darkness and confusion which prevailed, she escaped from the Pirates' Cave. Having glided round the angle of a perpendicular rock, she crouched behind the shelter it afforded; but scarcely had she done so, ere, exhausted by emotion, she sank insensible upon the ground.

VOL. II.

C

The white vapours of morning had begun to curl up the face of the Skelig cliffs before the ardent mind of Edith O'Moore awoke once more to suffering; and, as memory brought back the past, every thought, every feeling centered in one wish—to save her friends. She had heard the incautious words of Connell, which betrayed that some persons adverse to the Buccaneers were actually on the island; and the wild hope that, if she could escape to those individuals, she might induce them to effect the rescue she desired, had impelled her to contrive and execute the stratagem we have recorded.

When with returning perception Edith started from the chilling torpor which had succeeded the fever of excitement, she looked up with the stern glance of one who felt a despairing conviction that the time was gone when her efforts on behalf of Eva might have been successful;—she turned an inquisitive gaze upon the vast expanse of the Ocean, but its waters gave no tidings of her friends, for even the outline of The O'Sullivan's vessel was not visible.—Day had broke, and the dawn added a new torture to the lacerated heart of Miss O'Moore, for it told the flight.

of many hours since she left the Cave. Her mind was filled with the darkest apprehensions, yet, as her thoughts continued bent on the accomplishment of her design, she longed to ascend the rocks in search of the persons who it was possible might still be on the island. Throbbing with anxiety, she strained her eyes to pierce the mists which, though promising to disperse, yet hung in fleecy wreaths upon the heights above her. The stupendous pinnacles of the Great Skelig could be faintly discerned through the passing vapours which were moving in graceful rapidity before the morning breeze. Startled at the scene that met her view, Edith, with a strange mixture of terror and interest, paused to reflect on what she had undertaken. The awe which filled her mind was increased when she once more turned her gaze upon the ocean billows, as crowned with snow-white foam they dashed their mimic mountains to the brink on which she stood in distressing incertitude.

It was during the dead of a dark night that Miss O'Moore had been landed on the Skelig Rocks, and conveyed into the Pirates' Cave. Until the moment of her escape she had been

strictly confined to her subterranean prison, unvisited by any human being except her gaoler, Tim *Lauve Darrig*. This man, on the very morning of the eve which brought The O'Sullivan with *his* prisoners to the Skelig Rocks, had been obliged by the written order of William Sullivan to accompany a brother-pirate in a large-sized Hooker on some important business connected with their illegal traffic, and thus was absent when the Chief of Ross Mac Owen landed.—Tim, with the cunning which belonged to his character, had judged it best not to apprise Miss O'Moore of his intended short trip, contenting himself with leaving a double supply of provisions in the outer chamber of the Cave where he always deposited her food ; and determining to return to the Skeligs on the following day, he left his captive without the slightest apprehension. It is but justice to say that this man, rude and sinful as he was, had always conducted himself with decorum towards his prisoner. Each morning he had been wont to bring provisions to the outer Cave, always entering and departing in silence through the trap-door, the secret spring of which was so artfully contrived, that no one

unacquainted with the machinery could have possibly discovered it.

Now, therefore, for the first time, Edith beheld the mighty scenery of the Skeligs; and, as she looked around, shrinking with timidity and struck with awe, she sank on the edge of a shelving rock, each moment more and more bewildered. The cries of the wild birds as they flew round the headlands, and the roar of the sea which a full tide impelled with wonderful velocity against the rocks, augmented the dread so natural in such a scene to the sex and years of Edith O'Moore.

While struggling to reflect on what she ought to do, she felt a sensation of sickness and despair creep over her; but the great law of nature which commands self-preservation as a duty, now lent its force in addition to the generous wish of saving her friends which still possessed her mind; for as the secret entrance to the Cave was fastened, she was reduced to the alternative of remaining probably to perish where she was, or of making a perilous attempt to scale the rocks, in order to gain the little piece of table-land on which the Chapel stood.

Awake to the whole of the extraordinary scene that was before her, Edith, though racked with anxiety, found an accession of courage in the extremity of danger to which she was exposed; she neither screamed nor spoke, for, being in the clearest possession of her senses, she knew that any cry of hers would be completely lost amid the prevailing sounds of the tempestuous ocean. Endeavouring to calm her alarmed spirit, she bent a searching glance on every side, with a resolution of purpose unusual to her sex, and in strange contrast to the fragile softness of her still exquisite beauty. While she thus sat statue-like upon the Ocean's verge, gazing on the sublime desolation that surrounded her, and endeavouring to arrange some plan for future action, the morning mists rolled rapidly away, and left the picturesque outlines of the Skelig Rocks unshrouded by a vapour. Almost at the same moment, the sun appeared above their summits, his rays forming a diadem of glory to the huge pile which, proudly erect in native grandeur, lay beneath.

We will not attempt to portray the mingled sensations of Edith while she watched the beautiful gradations of light that quivered

over the scene on which she gazed. It would be an effort of still greater difficulty to depict her feelings, when, as her eye catching the fresh objects which each successive moment gave to view, she espied a group of men aloft upon the rock, who were evidently engaged in some important search. Those persons were at such a distance from Edith O'Moore, and were so entirely absorbed in whatever was the object of their movements, that her signals to attract attention completely failed ;—in despite of this, and of the horrors of her situation, she felt the buoyancy of hope renew the spring of her spirits, when she found so many fellow-beings were upon the island. A presentiment of assistance for her friends, and of liberty for herself, rose to her mind with refreshing power ; but, as it would have been physically impossible for her to scale the rocks without the help of others, she was compelled to remain where she was, until the agency for which she prayed might come to her relief. In this mood, she viewed the actions of the little group with a motive stronger far than curiosity ; the distance from which she gazed was far too great to allow her to distinguish

the features of the persons who were walking to and fro along the ledges of the cliffs above her, but she could discern their general movements ; and, as with the intense anxiety natural to her situation, she watched for the moment when a chance of attracting their attention might occur, the party swept round the angle of a perpendicular rock and vanished from her sight !

Wild with apprehension, Edith distractedly threw up her eyes, as if to supplicate that Heaven whose mercy she now almost feared had left her ; and, in doing so, her astonished sight rested on two figures, hitherto unperceived, and who, from the great distance at which they moved, looked like pigmies. It seemed as if nothing short of magic could have placed those persons on the aërial elevation where they stood, and Edith, grasping the projection of an adjacent rock, continued to gaze in speechless wonder, not only upon their position, but on the dangers which their actions indicated they were going to encounter.

The ascent which leads from St. Michael's Chapel to the top of the Great Skelig Rock lies in a sort of a natural funnel of stone, in which steps are cut to assist the

adventurous pilgrim, who can only arrive at his second *station* \* by squeezing himself through this singular cavity, called "The Needle's Eye." The men on whom Edith's searching looks were fixed had worked their way through this shaft before she recovered from her swoon ; but, having done so, they found themselves compelled to pause at a small flat place on the summit of "The Needle's Eye," which, only one yard in breadth, slopes down both sides of the rock towards the ocean. On this curious kind of isthmus the adventurous pair had anxiously waited for the disappearance of the vapours which precluded their further progress, though the obscurity of the horizon had only partially obstructed the movements of the party we first mentioned, owing to the comparative safety of their situation.

The glance of the basilisk could not have attracted the gaze of Edith more irresistibly than did those two figures ;—their deliberate, and what to her seemed insane project for mounting higher up the almost inac-

. \* The particular places where the devotees, women as well as men, perform their orisons on the Skelig Rocks are called *stations*, and are marked by the erection of stone crosses.

cessible rock arrested her astonished sight; and when, as the sky cleared, she saw them move to the further side of the flat, and begin to climb a smooth sloping rock, which, from the difficulty of its ascent, is termed "The Stone of Pain," Edith locked her hands in horror, as she thought on what might be the end of an exploit so presumptuously daring. The peril of scaling twelve feet high upon this kind of oblique wall, the ascent of which is assisted only by a few shallow holes cut into it for the hands and feet, seemed indeed tremendous; for, if one false step was made, it was evident the climber would be dashed along the side of the isthmus, and precipitated fathoms deep into the sea.

The moment of ascension was one of intense anxiety to Edith; and, when she saw the difficulties of this frightful passage surmounted, her first sensation of terror subsided into one of absorbing interest, which almost obliterated the recollection of her own extraordinary situation. This feeling continued unabated while, with inflexible determination, the two men made the remainder of their way up to that highest

summit of the Skelig Rock called "the Eagle's Nest," where Edith could still discern the objects of her chained attention poised on a pinnacle in the superior region of the air! They stood for some moments beholding the vast expanse of Ocean flowing all around except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like hillocks, when overlooked from the stupendous altitude we have described.

The morning sky, that formed a light back-ground to the distant figures, now revealed the hazardous movement of one of them, who, having traversed a path only two feet in breadth, got astride upon a narrow fragment of rock, called "The Spindle," which, projecting from the summit of the Great Skelig, leads to an enormous Cross at the extreme end of the neck of stone, along which the bold adventurer was edging forward over a raging sea! He had nearly reached the Sacred symbol, when, dizzy and exhausted, the poor Pilgrim lost his balance, and, falling headlong into the foaming abyss of ocean, sank for ever!

Edith's aching eyes could bear no more;—a thick film passed before her sight, and,

covering her face with her outspread hands, she uttered a piercing scream, and leaned back against the rock in hopelessness and horror. Her cry was responded to in the wildness of amaze, and the next instant she was supported in the arms of Lord Ogilvie, who, with the quickness of lightning, sprang forward many paces in advance of the men that followed.

“Edith!—Powers of mercy, is *this* Edith?” broke in amazement from his lips, as he struggled with the strong emotion that rushed through his frame, and bent his head over his equally astonished and exhausted friend, as though he would have held her thus for ever.

The dark eyes of the suffering girl unclosed, and were wild with varying expression, when, amid the throng of past remembrances and present feelings, she raised them to the face of her deliverer;—for one short moment, an almost supernatural radiance lighted up her beautiful, though wasted, features with a beam as bright as that which in her days of joy was wont to illumine them. But the next instant her countenance underwent a fearful revolution

—the pallor of the sepulchre overspread her cheek, and chased away the vivid blush which had passed over it, while, gently releasing herself from the encircling arm of Lord Ogilvie, she sank upon her former seat, and in a few broken, hurried sentences, related the dreadful scene she had just witnessed. Lord Ogilvie sympathized in the emotion it was calculated to create, but, as the poor Pilgrim's fate was irrevocably sealed beyond the aid of human power, he besought the agitated Edith to endeavour to be calm, and to relieve his torturing anxiety to know what *could* have brought her to her present strange and unaccountable position.

At this inquiry, Edith O'Moore placed her hand upon her breast, as though she felt her heart was bursting; then removing it she pressed her brow, as it were to collect her bewildered, agonizing thoughts;—the wretched smile which the next moment she compelled her features to assume went like a dagger to the heart of Ogilvie, who, having motioned his men to a distance, drew near his agitated friend, and, almost as distracted as herself, implored

her to be tranquil, and to relieve his overwhelming solicitude.

The dreadful crisis of the conflict which had shook the frame of Miss O'Moore almost to dissolution, was passed. Anxiety for Eva had assumed the place of still more powerful feelings, and, starting to her feet, she clasped her hands, and in a tumult of hope and fear exclaimed,—

“Ask not about *me* now, for moments are too precious to be lost!—Eva! our precious Eva is in the power of lawless ruffians; they sailed hence to Ireland some hours ago; follow and save her!”

“What!—Oh! Heaven!”—Ogilvie was unable to proceed; his bosom heaved with agony unutterable, and he remained one moment still; in the next, with indignant firmness, he sprang towards the group that stood at a short distance, and gave forth his orders for immediate embarkation, like a man who felt not only that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the exigency. His commands were executed almost as soon as issued. In the short interval that elapsed before everything was ready, a hurried, but most important con-

versation passed between Edith and Lord Ogilvie. Since its general purport is known to the reader, to mention the particulars would be a useless repetition. Suffice it then to say, that though the pure mind of Miss O'Moore recoiled from relating what drove her to distraction, even to reflect upon, yet her agonized emotion, and the few vague words that escaped her trembling lips, when questioned by her friend, betrayed to him the fatal truth. Thoughts almost like those of delirium were within him while his mind dwelt upon the horrid destiny which had befallen the beloved companion of his early years—she for whom he had ever cherished a tender fidelity, pure and disinterested as a brother's love. His eye was wild, and his pale countenance grew flushed as he looked up to heaven with an expression at which Edith trembled. Whatever was the silent vow he then breathed, it seemed to draw away a portion of the torturing load which weighed upon his soul; he was again frightfully calm, and for some moments stood without the power to speak. Every feature was expressive of impassioned

agony during this short pause and when at length in a choked voice he slowly said, "Edith, your wrongs shall be avenged—my vow is registered on High!" the tear that rushed to his eye, instead of disgracing his manly spirit, served only to enhance its worth.

"Ogilvie, kind, generous friend! waste not a thought on them! *My* fate was written in the book of doom, and is fulfilled! Nought can redeem it!" said Edith, so overpowered with agitation that it seemed as if her suffering spirit was trying to break through its mortal prison.

Lord Ogilvie, terrified at the expression of her countenance, involuntarily extended his arm towards her, but, evading the proffered support, she exclaimed with momentary strength, "Avert the dangers that surround our Eva!—For *her* sake only I would yet preserve my life. When she is safe, Death the next moment would be mercy unto me! Oh, look not thus, for you already know—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ogilvie in a stern voice; "curse on the degraded wretch who brought dishonour on your spotless name!

Thought maddens me! I am fit, and only fit, for action. To Ireland you think that both the Sullivans are gone; *their* doom is *fixed*! Edith, I will return for you directly."

Those words were hardly uttered ere Lord Ogilvie hailed the little boat belonging to his ship, which at this moment opportunely appeared, rowed by a couple of the crew, who were amusing themselves by fishing.

The summons was instantly answered, and as quickly bore his Lordship to his gallant vessel, which just turned into sight from behind an adjacent headland.

It was ready to make sail against an adverse tide, and a wind which had suddenly shifted to the most unfavourable quarter.

The dreadful workings of our hero's mind rendered him regardless of all minor impediments to his main design, and, though the sky portended a fearful change of weather, it could not deter him from an immediate navigation to the land that was supposed to hold his adored Eva and the objects of his just resentment,

"The gale blows strongly, but, Edith, you will not fear to sail?" inquired Ogilvie, looking uneasily at his fair friend, as, having quickly returned, he leaped upon the shore in order to escort her to his ship. His eyes glistened with anticipation, and his whole frame was in a tremour of excitement, while he awaited her answer.

"No, no!—Only, when we reach your vessel, place me in some quiet nook where I may remain alone and unobserved," was the low but resolute reply of Miss O'Moore, as, assisted by her friend, she stepped into the open boat which dashed onwards to his Lordship's French vessel "*Le Vaillant*," which lay at a short distance.

"Not *quite* alone, dear friend, as fortunately an aged female, who always acts as cook, is now on board. Rude and infirm as she is, still to have the service of one of your own sex at command will be a comfort," replied his Lordship. The gentle pressure of the hand which accompanied those words told how thoroughly the delicacy of Edith's feelings was understood and respected.

The grateful girl, as she withdrew her hand,

gave the mute answer of a melancholy smile, and in a few minutes she found herself the occupier of a small cabin in "*Le Vaillant*," to which she had been conducted by Lord Ogilvie, who, having induced her to partake of some refreshment, placed every comfort which he could command around her, and, committing his beloved friend, with many injunctions, to the special care of her female attendant, he withdrew.

The fluttering of the sails, and the rush of the billows which dashed against the side of the vessel, were the only sounds that disturbed the solitude of Edith, who, offering up a fervent prayer to Heaven, threw herself upon her bed, and, equally exhausted in mind and body, fell into a sleep, which even the increasing tumult of the Ocean had not power to disturb. Lord Ogilvie took his station on the quarter-deck, and, with feelings we should vainly attempt to describe, watched the steadiness and skill with which the Commander of the ship endeavoured to steer towards the coast of Ireland, as if in defiance of the Spirit of the Storm.

The intelligence of the reader has doubtless conjectured long since the astonishment

with which our hero had discovered the escape of The O'Sullivan and his confederates when, at the dawn of this memorable day, he opened the door of St. Michael's Chapel to hold a parley with his supposed prisoners, previously to the search he meditated, and afterwards performed in the double hope of discovering his Beloved One and his enemies. How in the course of that pursuit he met Miss O'Moore, and heard those circumstances which, accounting for the escape of the Buccaneers, verified his suspicion of Eva being in their power, is already told. In concluding this chapter, therefore, it is only necessary to say, that the two persons whose bold exploits had so enchained the mind of Edith were adventurous devotees, who, in compliance with a custom prevalent at the period of our tale, had come from Ireland to perform certain prayers and penances at the various stations, which, if followed by an ascent to "The Spindle" of the Great Skelig Rock, were supposed to atone for almost every sin. The melancholy fate of the first of those poor fanatics has been already detailed. His more fortunate companion had nearly shared the same doom, for the sudden shock he felt on

witnessing the startling catastrophe almost deprived him of power to retain his own most perilous position. By a violent effort, however, he clung in desperation to the shaft of "The Spindle" until in some degree recovered, and then, having effected with remarkable ingenuity a descent more difficult, if less dangerous, than the ascent, the surviving Pilgrim fortunately arrived in safety at the flat part of the Great Skelig Rock before the symptoms of the approaching storm had arisen, to which Lord Ogilvie's vessel was eventually exposed.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ Quoi !—Biron, votre Roi, l'a-t-il ordonné ?  
 Edouard, est-ce vous d'huissiers environné ?  
 Est-ce vous de Henri le fils digne de l'être ?  
 Sans doute, à vos malheurs j'ai pu vous reconnaître,  
 Mais je vous reconnais bien mieux à vos vertus ! ”

OLD FRENCH JACOBITE SONG.

“ Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d' ye see,  
 'Bout danger and fear and the like—  
 A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,  
 And 't ain' t to a little I'll strike.”—DIBDIN.

It was nearly dark when William Sullivan arrived in Paris from the Château de Tullibardine.

During his ride to the Capital, he had leisure to indulge the throng of gloomy ideas which the inefficacy of his interview with the Marchioness inspired. Still brooding over his disappointment, he mechanically wandered on through many of the narrow streets of the French metropolis, until, sufficient time having passed to make him feel the unsentimental sensation of hunger, he turned into an hotel and ordered dinner. As soon

as the cravings of the inner man were satisfied, the Pirate-Captain fell again into a reverie, during which various plans for discovering Lord Ogilvie's route successively presented themselves to his busy thoughts.

Alternately approving and rejecting his schemes, he at length was forced to acknowledge that the point of the bold game at which he had arrived rendered his next move so decidedly unpromising that it was useless at present to attempt the issue. But his ever active mind could not remain unoccupied. He felt that life must offer some stimulus, or that he should sink beneath the load of anxiety which oppressed him. Under the power of a ban which prohibited a return to his native land, dreading the displeasure of his uncle, and filled with malice, disappointment, and revenge, that rendered him capable of almost any crime, it was impossible for William Sullivan to continue inactive. Villain as he was, the voice of conscience would have risen to appal even *his* audacious spirit, were it not kept in the excitement which perpetual action only can create. His mind was resolute, but his determination was not the settled purpose of philosophy or

reason. It was the sentiment of a desperate nature that would hold to its design with the obstinacy of unshrinking guilt, yet which dreaded a state of inaction from the fear of Conscience,—that inward monitor, which, when it has time to speak, *will* lift its voice within the breast even of the most abandoned ! Familiarized as he was with guilt, Sullivan sometimes felt the sting of remorse when the image of Edith O'Moore rose like an appalling phantom to his "mind's eye;" and it was only amid the turmoil of excitement that he escaped those maddening sensations, which, were we able to descend into the depths of a vicious spirit, we should often find its insupportable attendants. But the reflections of Sullivan, acute as they were, did not bring repentance; and, occupied by a thousand plans, he endeavoured to banish remorse by weighing the probable advantages and dangers which the execution of his varied speculations seemed to present. While trying to mature the thoughts that in rapid succession crossed his dark and scheming mind, he walked about the room with quick and agitated steps; at length, as if resolved to calm the tumult which prevented him

from fixing any decisive measure, he approached an open window and seated himself close to it, feeling refreshed by the evening breeze, which, as he rested his head on his hand, blew across his heated temples. While in this position, he heard a voice beneath the window sing the following words in a low and cautious tone :—

— “ trahir Edouard, lorsque l'on peut combattre,  
Immoler à Brunswick le sang de Henri Quatre,  
Et de George, vaincu, sutir les dures lois :  
Ô Français ! Ô Louis ! Ô protecteurs des Rois !  
Est-ce pour les trahir qu'on porte ce vain titre ?  
C'est en les trahissant qu'on devient leur arbitre ;  
Un Roi qui d'un héros se déclare l'appui,  
Doit l'élever au Trône, ou tomber avec lui.”

Sullivan started from his chair, and looked into the street. The vehemence of the action probably alarmed the singer, for he suddenly ceased his chant, and, rushing down an adjacent alley, disappeared. All the measures of the Irish Buccaneer were conducted with the quickness and intrepidity that marked his character. The words he had just heard roused his restless spirit, and, banishing all its previous qualms, seemed to his fevered imagination absolutely ominous. Interpreting them as a presage of success in

the political manœuvring which he instantly determined to adopt, Sullivan, in order to decide upon the prudence of becoming an ally, an opponent, or a neutral in the cause of Charles Edward Stuart, resolved to go to the Opera that moment. It was the nightly resort of the young Prince, where the attention of the audience was always fixed on him with admiration and interest. There, comparatively heedless of what was passing on the stage, the fair sex might be seen shedding tears of pity for his misfortunes, while whispers in his favour were heard throughout the theatre from the male Parisians, who condemned the conduct of their King, and revered Charles Edward as a hero lineally descended from their renowned Henry IV.

Of all this our Buccaneer had heard, but he also knew that the Sovereign and Ministry of France wished for nothing more than the destruction of "the Young Pretender," as they now in secret called him, and that they were exasperated by his continuing at Paris in defiance of the repeated messages to leave it which he had received from the French government. This conduct on the part of Prince Charles, Sullivan was aware had

been equally resented by the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart—the two English noblemen who had arrived as hostages from Great Britain for the performance of the late definitive treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle—one of the main articles of which was, that “France should finally acknowledge the right of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain, and that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1748, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and not permit the residence of these persons upon her dominions.”\* But the admiration of the Parisians had been won for Charles Edward, not only by the valour of his exploits in Scotland and the fascination of his manners and person, but also by his conduct to Cardinal de Tencin, when it was hinted that Ministers might succour the Stuarts, if, in case a restoration to the English Crown were effected, Ireland were made a province of France. “*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ou rien ! point de partage !*”† had been the spirited

\* See Chambers's clever History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745, 1746.

† Historical.

reply of the young Prince, repeated several times, while he walked rapidly up and down his chamber in unusual agitation, and which, notwithstanding every attempt at secrecy, had met the public ear.

His equally decided answer to the Count de Maurepas, on being threatened with compulsive measures if he continued to resist the wishes of the French government, also formed the favourite topic of conversation in every circle of society at Paris. "*Les Ministres! les Ministres!*" Charles had exclaimed, with a thrill of indignation and disdain; "*si vous voulez m'obliger, Monsieur le Comte, dites au Roi votre maître que je suis né pour rompre tous les projets de ses Ministres!*"\*

It did not require much penetration to perceive that under such circumstances matters must speedily come to a crisis. To ascertain whether it promised to be favourable to the Prince, was an important object with William Sullivan; hence his sudden determination to attend the Opera, where he thought the real state of public feeling might be shrewdly guessed at, if not

\* Historical,

absolutely proved. His mind was in a tumult of thought while crossing several narrow streets he pursued his way to the Opera-House in the Palais-Royal. A dead silence pervaded the obscure and almost deserted alleys through which Sullivan had walked ;—great, therefore, was the contrast presented to his eye when, on turning into the Rue St. Honoré, he found it occupied by *gens d'armes*, and completely thronged. A subdued murmur ran through the assembled concourse, but no one seemed sufficiently hardy to utter his suspicions aloud. All, however, appeared to indicate that something momentous was about to happen, and Sullivan was on the point of trying to discover the real cause of what was going forward, when his attention, in common with almost every individual present, was attracted by the appearance of the Prince's coach, which *en route* from its master's splendid Hôtel on Le Quai de Theatin had just entered the Rue St. Honoré on its way to the Opera. Two pages, sumptuously dressed, walked at either side of the handsome equipage, and the footmen wore the Royal livery of England.

“Prince, return! they are going to arrest you;—the Palais Royal is beset!”\* cried a man closely muffled in his cloak, who stood near William Sullivan, and within the shadow of a house which the moonlight at the time threw back upon the street. Afraid of being taken for the speaker, our Irish Buccaneer turned round in order to arrest him, but the warning was no sooner uttered than the person who had given it disappeared. Perceiving this, Sullivan, as the surest way of avoiding danger, plunged into the thickest part of the crowd, and the manœuvre was so adroitly executed, that he was soon far beyond his former station, and close to the Prince’s carriage.

Notwithstanding the intelligence Charles Edward had just received, corroborating the contents of an anonymous letter put into his hand while walking in the Tuilleries that morning (the fatal 21st of December, 1748), and which gave every particular of the serious measures determined to be executed against him in a Council of War called the same day, the Prince’s equipage never stopped until it reached the passage of the Opera-

\* Historical.

House. The court of the Palais-Royal was invested with twelve hundred of the Duke de Biron's regiment; a double guard stood with their bayonets fixed at the entrance to the Theatre; the passage of the Opera-House was filled with serjeants and grenadiers in cuirasses and helmets; the *guet*, or City police, were stationed in the streets, and were making the coaches file off at the moment when Prince Charles, seeming neither surprised nor disconcerted, alighted from his carriage. He was instantly surrounded by six serjeants of the intrepid Grenadiers, dressed in grey clothes; but, accustomed to be gazed at and crowded round, as an object of popular curiosity, the youthful Prince thought, or affected to conceive, that such a feeling caused the present inclination to obstruct his steps. With that graceful dignity which was peculiarly his own, Charles Edward Stuart endeavoured to pass on, but scarcely had he moved his foot ere a serjeant advanced under pretence of dispersing the crowd. At this concerted signal, a group of soldiers started forward, some of whom seized the Prince's attendants, who were imme-

diately conveyed to the Bastille, while others, rushing on the Royal person, grappled his waist, arms, hands, and legs, and bore him to the court-yard of the Palais-Royal, the soldiers keeping off the crowd with fixed bayonets. Breaking from one of the many groups of officers stationed there, Monsieur de Vaudreuil, a Major in the French Guards, rapidly approached his Royal Highness, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said,—

“Prince, your arms ; I arrest you in the name of the King !”

With his person erect, and a countenance totally unchanged, Charles Edward expressively replied—“The manner is a little too violent.” Then sending round a look of proud inquiry, he stood perfectly still in the midst of the group, who for a moment quailed beneath his steady glance. The next instant restored the presence of mind so necessary to De Vaudreuil, who with his companions now closed round their prisoner, and renewed his demand.

“I shall not *deliver* my arms to you, but you may take them ; I am not used to such proceedings, and I shall not say whether

they are justifiable or not, but the disgrace cannot affect *me*, it can only affect your Master!"\*

"Sir," said De Vaudreuil with studied politeness, "interests of national import oblige me to perform a commission by no means pleasant to my feelings, but—"

"It is very mortifying for *an officer*," interrupted Charles Edward in an unfaltering voice, while a bitter smile curled on his lip.

Galled at the taunt conveyed in those words, De Vaudreuil quickly turned to his men and said, "You know your duty;—do it!"

An expression of malignant exultation gleamed from the speaker's eye, as the soldiers in obedience to his order searched the Royal person and took possession of a pair of pistols, a poignard, a penknife, and a book found thereon. They next tied both the arms and legs of the Prince with crimson silk cords, ten ells in length, which had been prepared for that purpose.

The resolution of the youthful Stuart was proof even against this insult. He stood calmly contemplating the numerous coils

\* Historical.

which were twining round his limbs, and nothing could be more striking than his whole appearance, when, in a commanding tone of bitter irony, he at length exclaimed—"Have you bound my Englishmen as you did me? An Englishman is not used to be bound—he is not made for that purpose."\* Then coolly surveying the cords upon his person, he sternly added, "Have you not enough now?"

"Not yet," replied De Vaudreuil, casting a menacing glance upon his victim.

The Son of many Kings returned this look, and as he did so, his spirit flashed in pride and scorn from his eye.

A murmur of mingled applause at his conduct, and of indignation at the treatment he received, ran through the spectators of the scene, who were thronged at the other side of the barrier; and when Prince Charles, bound like a felon, was put into the hired coach that was in waiting, accompanied by three officers of the French Guards, symptoms of revolt and violent disapprobation were discernible in the assembled crowd. To escape the bursting of the popular storm,

\* Historical.

the utmost despatch was used. Two armed *Mousquetairs* rode on each side of the carriage with a hand upon the door; six Grenadiers with fixed bayonets mounted behind, and a large body of soldiers surrounded it on foot. Regardless of the shouts of indignation uttered against them, those functionaries fulfilled their commission by proceeding with their prisoner at a rapid pace towards the suburb de St. Antoine. The moment the cavalcade moved onward, the Duke de Biron, Colonel of the French Guards, who, disguised in a coach, had waited to see the success of the enterprise, stepped into his chair, and went to report the transaction to the King.

An animated picture of human feeling in its various shades was exhibited by the concourse who had witnessed the arrest of Charles Edward Stuart. Many an eye sparkled with the light of indignation, many a brow was darkened by displeasure, and the confusion that prevailed is easier imagined than described, when the multitude mingled indiscriminately with the *Mousquetairs*, City-police, hatchet-bearers, locksmiths, and men with scaling-ladders and battering rams, who were in attendance to take the young

Prince by *escalade*, in case he should have housed himself to stand a siege.

Amid this excited crowd, William Sullivan's countenance evinced perhaps the strongest expression. His brilliant eyes followed every motion of the multitude as if his whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the passing scene, and his active frame, obedient to the impulse of his impetuous spirit, struggled through the thickest part of the crowd, while the scornful smile that lurked about his compressed mouth betrayed a strong degree of contempt, mingled with daring resolution.

As Sullivan thus stood, each limb and feature expressing the determined mien of a freebooter, a hand was laid upon his arm, and a low deep voice whispered distinctly in his ear: "These are bad omens for *us*, Captain Sullivan; all is over with the Stuarts! Charley Ned will be kept a prisoner at Vincennes, to which those land-lubbers of Guards are conducting him, and all his retinue will soon be at anchor within the Bastille! I'm tired of the smell of land, and am longing to shove me from shore. As a gallant sea-rover I'm sure you're the same. Will

you stand on my tack, then? for as France has found out that we hang up false colours, if we don't keep a sharp look-out, she will clap us both close under hatches without money or cargo."

Sullivan, who at the beginning of this familiar address had turned his eyes upon the speaker, recognised the Jack Jeffries already mentioned, an American pirate, the descendant of one of those celebrated Transatlantic Buccaneers who formed a distinct confederacy, which, until near the close of the seventeenth century, was formidable to the greatest powers in Europe. With this man Sullivan had been long acquainted, and he was (as we have seen) the person who had been employed to play the spy on Miss O'Moore in France.

"Hah! my old friend," whispered the heir of Ross Mac Owen, suddenly affecting much pleasure at the unexpected rencounter, "this is dangerous surf to float your opinions on; what you say is too true, but——"

"Drop our lead then in quieter waters," returned Jeffries, winking his small piercing eye with an expression which could not be mistaken, as he put his hand under Sulli-

van's arm, and hustled in silence through the crowd, until at length they cleared it and reached a little court that was completely deserted.

"Here we have sea-room at last," cried the American, doffing his cap, and wiping his brow with the Indian silk handkerchief he drew from his breast; "but, Captain, we can't ride at anchor, for dangers are brooding about us. Let us carry a bold sail over the main then, if we wish to pass out of shoals."

"I don't exactly understand you: speak plainly," said Sullivan, his voice appearing to hesitate a little.

"You give me the launch and I take it, Captain"—returned the Transatlantic Pirate, raising his keen eye to the face of his companion, while his lips slightly curled as he added in a cool but dogged tone, "I am a smuggler, Sir—you are the same, and an outlaw to boot! Never mind *how* I found out the pickle you're in, but let me tell you I know all about it;—a clear sea lies before us, through which we can steer from our foes. Your ship, the well-known 'Death-Flag,' I saw last week in the harbour of

**Brest.** She is ready by your order for every and any cruise. Let us then gain her, and make sail forthwith for Turkey, and afterwards for Barbary. We may chance to fall in with an Algerine corsair, or may capture the frigate of 'The Fathers of the Trinity,' \* which about this time will be on the high seas with its ransomed slaves, and a cargo well worth our possession. What say you to this, Captain Sullivan?"

"That you have spoken like a frank, gallant seaman," returned the Irish Buccaneer, suppressing the impulse of pride and resentment which at the beginning of his companion's speech had cast a fiery glow on his fine features. "No fish hates the land more than I. Sir, you have kept a proper look-out, like a true sailor as ever trod plank: for without aid of sea-glass we may look to a chase, if we don't heave away. Your proposal is somewhat abrupt, but it promises good. By this hand! I'll take you on board my own gallant ship, and with her brave crew we'll teach these proud Algerine Corsairs to start at the sound of *our* names and the sight of the unconquered 'Death-Flag'!"

See note I. at the end of the volume.

There was an air of joyous hope and reckless daring in the manner of William Sullivan as he pronounced these words, which communicated itself even to the swarthy lineaments of his companion; and, feeling an inward reverence for the well-known skill and courage of the Irish Buccaneer, Jack Jeffries shook him heartily by the hand, and consented to act second in command of the bold enterprise he had proposed. With this resolution, they adjourned to the 'Death-Flag,' which had cast anchor in the harbour of Brest. The journey was so rapidly performed that the destination was soon gained. The Irish Pirates were called together, and the projected scheme being announced and approved of, articles of agreement respecting the distribution of the expected prizes were fixed between William Sullivan and his comrade, and were signed in the name of all.

Immediately after the contract was settled, the American freebooter, in compliance with one of its stipulations, brought twenty of his own mariners and some additional ammunition on board. The whole crew then shook hands in testimony of courage and

good faith. The next moment the 'Death-Flag' weighed anchor, and, crowding her canvass, stood off to sea in the direction of the Land of the Sultan, a fair and fresh breeze attending the commencement of an enterprise thus promptly resolved upon, and as promptly begun.

## CHAPTER V.

*"Here—sad reverse!—from scenes of pleasure far,  
I wage with sorrow unremitting war :  
Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,  
Nor aught of joy nor aught of quiet know.  
Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,  
From parents far, an outcast of the earth !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Now droops fond Hope, by Disappointment cross'd,  
By Treachery chill'd, her sanguine dreams are lost."*

MEANWHILE, the high-minded Charles Edward Stuart had arrived at his future state-prison—the Château de Vincennes—where the governor—Le Marquis du Châtelet—stood ready to receive him.

The good man burst into tears on beholding the Prince, whose heroism and unblenched honour under such successions of indignities and misfortunes seemed to present an incarnation of the chivalry of the middle ages.

With that dignified bearing which must ever command respect, Charles Edward bowed and exclaimed in strong emotion—  
"My Lord Marquis, I am touched to the

soul by your unexpected reception—and never will I confound the *friend* with the *governor*! Embrace me—for my bonds,” he added with mingled jest and sarcasm, glancing at his coils, “prevent my anticipation of the compliment.” The Governor advanced, and, evidently much affected, laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Prince, and in broken accents involuntarily exclaimed,—

“This is the most memorable day of my life!”

“Alas! Du Châtelet, fate makes us all the victims of necessity”—interrupted the Prince with equal feeling: “Since the battle of Culloden, I have indeed been hunted like a wild beast—but like a wild beast I have at least had ample ground to range over!—Yet *de vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus que de mourir!*” he added, in a tone that was indescribably affecting.\*

The Governor, unwilling to trust himself in further conversation with his heroic prisoner, simply inquired whether Charles Edward Stuart had any arms about him.

“On the word of a Prince no other than

\* The whole of the substance of this conversation is historical, and the above melancholy French motto was that of the unfortunate Prince.—See *Jesse's Memoirs*.

*this!*" answered the unfortunate, presenting his sword.

It was gently taken from his hand by the Marquis Du Châtelet, who with a deep sigh marshalled his Royal captive to his cell at the top of the Tower of Vincennes. Fifty steps were mounted ere that gloomy room, seven feet broad and eight long, was reached. It was furnished only with a *lit de sangle* and one rush-bottomed chair!

"I have occupied worse dens than this—witness 'Cluny's Cage!'"\* cried the Prince, in an accent of mingled jest and bitterness. The Governor turned aside to dash away the tears that again rushed unbidden to his eyes at this well-merited rebuke to the infamous conduct of the French ministers. The next moment, Du Châtelet bowed with an air of profound respect to their unfortunate victim, and left the room.

No sooner had the door closed than the agonized Prince—relinquishing at once the imperious air he had assumed towards the French officers and soldiers, in order to appear superior to his fate—threw himself upon the solitary chair his wretched room afforded,

\* See note II. at the end of the volume.

and, clasping his hands in silent agony, he burst into tears!

Neil Mac Eachan, the humble friend who, with the heroic Flora Macdonald, had accompanied his Royal Highness in his hazardous wanderings through the Isle of Skye, who had never left him since, and was now the only attendant permitted to share his imprisonment, here advanced, and, kneeling at his Royal Master's feet, fixed his uplifted eyes upon his countenance with a depth of silent sympathy more touching and expressive than any language could have been.

The Prince understood the mute appeal, and, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his devoted servant, he looked into his face; while in a voice full of intense and condensed emotion he fervently exclaimed, his thoughts apparently reverting to his late magnanimous though disastrous enterprise, and to the cruel results of a heartless if not treacherous policy—

“Ah, my faithful Mountaineers, you would never have treated me thus:—would I were still with you!” \*

\* Historical.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Sudden the lurid heavens obscurely frown,  
And sweeping gusts the coming storm proclaim."  
FIGHE.

"Beat on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;  
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;  
Your incivility doth show  
That Innocence is tempest proof."—L'ESTRANGE.

THE signs of an approaching tempest, under which Lord Ogilvie had commenced his voyage, were almost immediately verified. A great swell came on rapidly, and increased to such a pitch that at times the green waves appeared like liquid hills above the stem of the ship. The wind rose to a perfect hurricane, keeping in an adverse point ; and though the Commander of the vessel, in obedience to the impatient wishes of our hero, used the greatest exertions to make way toward the Irish coast, he was quickly compelled to take in all sail, and, putting his helm hard up, he turned before the furious gale, which bore the ship with frightful ve-

locity further and further from the desired course, until at last she was blown far into the Atlantic Ocean.

Though in a state of torturing anxiety, Lord Ogilvie preserved his self-command. Long familiarity with the sea had accustomed him to the strife of angry elements, and had made him well acquainted with Nautical affairs. Now, therefore, instead of acting as most landsmen would have done at such a crisis, he joined the crew in obeying the mandates of their Commander, and with a precision and promptitude scarcely surpassed by the practised mariners themselves, executed orders which no one inexperienced in Naval emergencies could have performed.

But vain were the efforts of the gallant crew. Victims to the irresistible power of the elements, their resources and skill were fruitlessly exerted in an unequal encounter. So violent were the surges and the storm, that to steer for any port was quite impossible. The black and giant clouds flashed forth sheets of flame. Peal after peal the thunder rolled; the wind howled, sounding like the shriekings of the Spirits of the deep;

and such a sea was running as the oldest mariner on board had never witnessed.

Much time and labour were consequently spent to no purpose, and winds and waves thus seeming to conspire against Lord Ogilvie, the ship flew at a prodigious rate in a direction diametrically opposite to the point he wished to gain.

During the first and middle watches of the night, many fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel, but towards morning the waves abated, and though the wind still continued contrary, its violence was considerably lessened. With an interest bordering upon agony, our hero vigilantly watched those symptoms of a subsiding storm. The moment there was a prospect of a comparative calm, he descended to Edith's cabin, and, stooping to the keyhole, rapidly communicated the cheering hope which the appearance of the elements seemed to justify; and in agitated accents asked how Miss O'Moore had borne the terrors of the recent hurricane. The words she gave in answer were full of thankfulness to Heaven, and assurances of that courage which nothing but a confidence in One mightier than the storm could give.

Though the speaker's voice betrayed the extent of self-command that had been necessary for the utterance of her broken accents, yet, convinced of Edith's real fortitude, Ogilvie was more than half disposed to credit her assurances, and, consenting to leave her to the solitude which she requested, he returned to the deck. An examination of the ship, which was then taken, proved that she had suffered no damage of any consequence; but, as the direction of the wind still prevented her from holding her course, it was determined she should lay to until the weather proved more propitious.

Towards the dawn, a light breeze sprang up, but it veered so much and so suddenly, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to attempt to steer towards the desired point. The sea, however, abated considerably; therefore, though the weather was very unsettled, the helmsman gathered fresh hopes of making a favourable way. The necessary preparations were accordingly commenced for the continuation of the voyage.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad—  
It burns upon the air! The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud, white foam  
Of battle's roaring billows."—HEMANS.

"Yet more!—the billows and the depths have more!—  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest."—ID.

INSPIRED with fresh hope, the crew of 'Le Vaillant' were engrossed in their respective duties, preparatory to resuming their course upon the seas, when suddenly the look-out on the starboard-bow cried

"Sail ho!"

"Ha! a ship, where is she?" exclaimed Ogilvie, springing forwards; when, snatching the glass from the man's hand, he discovered a distant vessel, which, from the course she was pursuing, seemed determined to bear down upon his own.

In silent self-possession our hero for a few moments intently examined her shadowy form: then beckoning to the Captain, who immediately obeyed the summons, he whispered his suspicions, which a closer survey all but confirmed in the minds of both.

From the position of the Stranger she had the advantage of the wind, and running before it with crowded canvass, she swept over the waters, her prow directed towards 'Le Vaillant,' on board of which the news of her approach was quickly spread.

With all a sailor's steady coolness, the French Commander ordered his ship to be cleared in case of an action, and hoisted his colours.

When this and other nautical preparations had been duly made, the Officers of 'Le Vaillant' grouped together on the quarter-deck and eagerly scanned the object of their curiosity, while they discussed the various conjectures it occasioned.

'Le Vaillant' was a finely-built Brig, mounting twelve guns; her crew were only seventy in number, but Lord Ogilvie had brought fifty armed men on board to assist in the encounter he expected at the Skelig.

Rocks, and she was well supplied with ammunition.

Many of Ogilvie's little band had formerly belonged to the Naval service, in which they had served under Lord Lewis Gordon, so that the great proportion of the fighting part of the ship understood the ordinary evolutions of a combat on the sea. Therefore, though possessing a comparatively small armament, and labouring under other disadvantages, the bold mariner who commanded 'Le Vaillant,' actuated by the calm determination of one accustomed to depend upon his own resources, resolved to await the moment when he might with precision ascertain the designs of the stranger-ship and estimate her force. In the meantime, with the coolness of an experienced son of the ocean, he made every preparation which existing circumstances rendered prudent. A chosen number of topmen mounted in the shrouds armed with muskets; each well-trained sailor took his proper station, and Lord Ogilvie's band, with pistols, dirks, and swords, drew up in a strong line, prepared to perform their duties.

About two hours were thus employed,

when, every necessary arrangement being completed, all on board the 'Vaillant' in anxious silence watched the face of their Commander, as he continued to gaze attentively through his glass upon the unknown ship, which, now considerably nearer, was no longer indistinct even to the naked eye.

"She is a well-built, airy Brigantine, and carries a large mainsail; i' faith, she skims the Ocean like a gull!" cried the Captain, handing the glass to Lord Ogilvie, who, all eye and ear, stood close beside him.

Looking through the telescope, and after a keen examination, Ogilvie quickly said, "Our ship is not inferior to her in dimensions, but in all we are little more than one hundred men; still we bear stout hearts and well-armed hands to balance inequality of force. How fast she goes gallantly cutting through the sea! She outsails any small craft I have ever seen. Captain, do you think she carries armament?"

"If she does, it is most carefully concealed, for I can see no ports," returned the commander, again reconnoitring through his glass. "Hah! She has hoisted the French flag, so she would seem our friend. Faith,

friend or foe, she is a gallant bark! As buoyant as a feather, she dances on the waters, and will soon be within hail; then we shall know how she is manned, and of what stuff her crew are made."

As the morning advanced, a clearer light was spread across the Ocean, and the wind lulling into fitful gusts, each moment the weather grew more calm. The foaming crests of the great waves, as if at the command of some wizard of the deep, settled into long smooth billows, that swept quietly across the broad Atlantic. Every face in the attentive crew was fixed in anxious scrutiny upon the distant ship. The dark lines of her tall and taper masts were distinctly visible, and soon, from the uncommon velocity with which she scudded through the sea, the tracery of her sails, spars, and rigging were given to the naked eye through the beautiful though fluctuating colours of the dawn. Another half-hour brought the whole vessel within perfect view, as, lifted on those dark masses of the water into which the late unruly waves were quelled, she rose against the back-ground of the morning sky, and, as if endowed with life, sprang forward,

her sails set, and the French flag flying. It was evident that if she continued to hold on her present rapid course, she would soon be within gun-shot. Nearer and nearer she approached, end on, and spreading all her canvass up to the royals. Considering the distance she had yet to run, she came almost within hail in an inconceivably short time.

A gun was fired to windward from 'Le Vaillant,' as a kind of challenge. This was answered by a shot from the Stranger, as she swiftly continued to advance, majestically, sweeping through the waves, and leaving a long track of glistening spray behind her. The sun was shining on and illuminating the sides, spars, and tracery of the gallant bark, while her white sails, reflecting the light, gleamed like silver.

"Now is our time!" cried the captain of 'Le Vaillant,' catching up a speaking-trumpet, through which, in a voice that was carried to the distant ship, he hailed her.

The Stranger gave no answer, except the equivocal one of a closer approach, and a gradual reduction of her sails.

Twenty minutes more brought the two vessels sufficiently near to enable the crew of

each to scan their respective characters and strength; when, to the astonishment of those on board 'Le Vaillant,' it appeared that the stranger-ship, a Brigantine, was worked by only a dozen hands, and contained but that number of persons. Not a voice nor sound was heard within her, and the few men visible upon her deck scarcely seemed to move. A tall and noble-looking figure, wrapped in a long cloak, and whose face was much concealed by a fur cap slouched across his brow, stood in the most conspicuous part of the approaching vessel, his arms folded on his breast, as, now borne on by breeze and current, she steered rapidly and boldly forward.

"Stand to your guns!" cried the Commander of 'Le Vaillant,' in a stern voice. Those words were followed by the brief orders which are customary previously to an action; but the expression of the speaker seemed to indicate that they were given more in the spirit of nautical caution than from an intention to attack twelve unarmed men.

"Speak; are you friends or foes?" shouted the Commander of 'Le Vaillant' to the

Brigantine, which, undismayed by his resolute manner, still continued to advance.

The stranger-captain flung his cap into the sea, and, dropping his mantle, revealed the erect and daring figure of William Sullivan, armed with the weapons of Naval war!

"Foes! Victors!" burst from his lips, as, drawing a cutlass, he brandished it above his head, while simultaneously with his inspiring cry and act a mass of armed pirates leaped from beneath the empty hammock-cloths which had concealed them, and, thundering forth "No quarter!" rushed to their guns, the helmsman at the same moment giving a broad sheer-to, which, quick as lightning, ranged his ship alongside of 'Le Vaillant,' from which a fire was opened instantly.

A desperate but ineffectual attempt was then made by sending a larboard broadside right for the head of the French ship, while as rapidly the well-known sable '*Death-Flag*' of the Irish Buccaneers, with its skull and cross-bones, and the Celtic motto, in allusion to the "Manus Sullivanis,"

brac buadhna gcat

(i. e. Victorious hand of the battles!), etched

E 3

in white, rose to the extremity of the gaff, and floated like a funeral pall in place of the false colours they had hoisted !

“Fire!—Fire on!”—cried the French Commander.

The word was hardly uttered ere a tremendous volley of small arms was poured in from the tops and the deck of ‘Le Vaillant,’ which raked the Brigantine fore and aft.

This the Pirates instantly returned with another broadside of their guns, which swept the enemy’s deck. In this manœuvre both vessels got entangled, and availing himself of the circumstance, the Commander of ‘Le Vaillant,’ in a voice that rose clear and high amid the roar of combat, shouted forth, “Throw in the grapnels! Board and conquer!”

“Down with the Pirate dogs! Down with the robbers’ ‘Death-Flag!’” burst from the seamen of ‘Le Vaillant,’ in an animating cry, which was succeeded by a close and steady opening of musketry.

Shrouded in flame and smoke, the Pirates rushed through the thick white cloud created by the common fire, and, favoured by it, reached the point at which the vessels were

entangled, when, tossing in their ready grapnels, they caught the rigging of 'Le Vaillant.'

A savage cry of triumph followed this success; and Sullivan, with some score of armed Pirates, rushed over the broad planks which had been thrown from 'The Death-Flag' to 'Le Vaillant,' and leaped upon her deck. As he did so, he fired a shot that slightly grazed the left shoulder of Lord Ogilvie, who, neckless of the trivial wound, upraised his drawn sword, and closed with his foe. At this moment, the cloud of smoke which rested, air-borne, between the combatants, drifted suddenly away, and revealed them face to face.

There was a single instant during which the bright wild eyes of William Sullivan became frightfully bloodshot, and actually glared, as in ferocity, hatred, and amaze, they fixed upon and recognised his foe!

In the next, a yell of rage burst from his mouth, and "Well, met at last! For life or death!" escaped it, as with a convulsive spring he aimed a desperate lunge at Ogilvie, who, parrying it, bent a look of burning scorn, while, grappling with his enemy, he

shouted in a voice which for a moment drowned the roar of combat,—

“Villain! Smuggler! Outlaw! Vengeance for Edith O'Moore!”

The few rapid and passionate sentences which followed were lost in the war-shouts and execrations of the Buccaneers, many of whom, armed with short pikes and hatchets, at this instant gained a footing on the poop, while others, scrambling over planks, stumbled against each other, mingling threats and curses with the rush of sounds which burst forth from all quarters like a whirlwind. The narrow deck was soon so crowded by the pouring-in of the Pirates that for a few moments the combatants could do little else than grapple man with man, all attempt at aiming free blows being baffled by the denseness of the living mass that heaved and pressed together; but soon splash after splash in the deep sea, occasioned by the dead and dying it received, told the fatal effects of a spirited and well-directed fire poured from the quarter-deck of ‘Le Vaillant’ by the heroes who defended her.

The oaths and cries of the expiring wretches just dashed into the waves were

hardly less appalling than the wild exclamations of revenge which burst from the ferocious Pirates, as, with a daring intrepidity worthy of a better cause, they kept possession of that portion of the ship gained in the outset of their fierce encounter.

The assailants, however, as yet had vainly tried to force their passage one step further. The red deck was slippery with blood, and streams of fire glared through volumes of smoke which obscured the two joined ships, and narrowed the horizon around, as they rolled along the sea.

Still the hostile crews fought on like Lions, for they knew the struggle was for life or death. Curses, threats, and words of command, mingled with wild shrieks, and gurgling groans for help, which rose from out the sea from struggling wretches, who vainly screamed for rescue to the busy combatants above.

The *mêlée* which followed baffles all description. It was, in fact, for some minutes a mere brute grapple; but the intrepidity of the topmen of 'Le Vaillant,' as they poured down volleys of fire which raked the deck, and were seconded from those upon it, soon

compelled a clearance of the cumbered vessel; and the dash of the wounded and the dead into the Ocean that yawned to receive them quickly told the means by which that partial clearance had been made. Though 'The Death Flag' was in a great measure abandoned by the Pirates, still a sufficient number of them had remained with Jeffries (who now commanded the Brigantine) in order to direct the discharges of her ammunition, while those collected on the forecastle fought, either by throwing hand-grenades or firing muskets, thus doing nearly equal damage to friend and foe.

The action now grew closer and closer. Still disparity of numbers was greatly in favour of 'The Death Flag.' This advantage, however, was perhaps more than balanced by the ferocious energy, the savage fury, of the Pirates, whose frantic, undisciplined acts, as with axes, boarding-pikes, and hatchets, they hewed a passage through their enemies, perplexed, though it could not dismay them.

While those important movements were occurring, our hero and William Sullivan, wholly engrossed in single combat, and almost heedless of what passed around them,

sword in hand, fought on and on. The expression of Sullivan's features had become absolutely devilish ; his eyes glared with the couchant fire of revenge, and the brave self-possession and adroitness of his foe, while it stimulated him to superhuman efforts, lashed him to the ecstasy of a madman. Infuriated with rage and shame at a desperate thrust which Ogilvie had aimed successfully, every power seemed nerved into new strength, and in a voice mounting into as unearthly a screech as ever fell on mortal ear, he shrieked forth,

"Victory again! By Hell and Heaven, it is your last! Minion of Eva Dillon"—

"Wretch, name her not!" cried Ogilvie, making a forward rush with his uplifted sword.

With a at-like spring, William Sullivan evaded the stroke. His broad chest heaved with throes of rage that awfully worked within, and starting back a few steps to make a lunge more sure, he raised his reeking sword high in the air, as if resolved to cleave his foe in twain, when, with a shriek of horror, a female threw herself between the combatants.

“Hold! Hold!” Her tongue refused to make another sound, and falling at the feet of Ogilvie, Edith O’Moore lay senseless there!

William Sullivan cast a bewildered stare upon her prostrate form, and in amaze reeled back against the bulwark. The next instant he burst into the laugh of a demon, and with a cry of execration, sword in hand, made a forward rush, heedless of the mainboom that was before him. His head struck violently against it, and, losing his balance, his gigantic form was flung heavily across the deck.

“Place him in irons. Take him to the hold, and aid him there!” shouted Lord Ogilvie in a voice of thunder.

The order was instantly obeyed. The strong rude man, stunned into insensibility, lay powerless as an infant, and felt not the chains that quickly bound him limb to limb.

“Edith!—dear Edith! what madness brought you here?” gasped Ogilvie, as he stooped down and raised her on his bended knee, regardless of the scene that raged around.

Her bewildered senses only half revived, Edith, with eager hands, sought to clasp his

neck.—“Beloved!—adored!” unconsciously escaped her.

Even at that moment, Death in a thousand shapes surrounding him, those words brought consternation to Lord Ogilvie’s heart—*that* heart where Eva Dillon reigned supreme!

His chest became palpably convulsed, and the blood mounted to his pallid temples in a fearful rush. He could not speak, but bending one look of deep and saddened tenderness on the again insensible Edith—a look such as we might suppose a pitying angel to bestow on frail and suffering humanity—he flung down his sword, and throwing his unwounded arm round her waist, he bore her through the roar of muskets, and the dying and the dead, unharmed, and almost unnoticed, to the narrow cabin stairs, which fortunately lay at no great distance.

“She *would* go up—I could not keep her back!” cried the terrified female we have already mentioned as belonging to the ship.

“Restore, and guard her as you would your life!” said Lord Ogilvie, as he laid the fainting girl on a couch. “I must return to the deck.” The next instant found him in the thickest of its fight.

Having forced his way through the strong struggling current of friends and foes, our hero stopped one moment to ascertain, through voluminous clouds, their actual position. He found the vessels slightly separated, and engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. Thought and act were simultaneous. Quick as the lightning's flash he mounted by the shrouds, dashed across the main-yard, and, unperceived through the dense smoke, gained that of the Brigantine. The next instant he flew to the main-top gallant mast-head, struck the hitherto unconquered 'Death-Flag,' and rushing from the shrouds, leaped with the Pirates' banner aboard 'Le Vailant,' and waving it high above his head, in triumph shouted—

### "VICTORY!"

Three cheers reiterated the inspiring cry. The crews of both ships, thrown into confusion by the intrepid act, crushed, and strove against each other, in a furious attempt on one side to board the Brigantine — on the other to defend her.

In this stage of the combat, a sailor, stimulated into even more than his usual hardihood

by the intrepid example of Lord Ogilvie, posted himself, provided with combustibles, on the extreme end of the yard, and at the very instant when the Brigantine succeeded in disentangling herself from her antagonist, and was shooting a-head through the sulphurous smoke around her, and the bullets that whistled over the heads of her crew, this man dropped a hand-grenade with such precision, that it passed directly through the main-hatchway of 'The Death-Flag.'

The Pirates, with the carelessness that ever belongs to an irregular force, had left some cartridges and a large barrel of powder lying near, and actually in a line with their guns.

The grenade fired the train! A blaze of light streamed into the air, running up the rigging of the masts, and shrivelling the canvass like a scroll, while simultaneously wild shrieks for help rose from a crowd of Barbary captives and Turkish prisoners, who burst from the holds and through the flaming hatchway of the deck of 'The Death-Flag.'

Their white-turbaned heads, Oriental costumes, and wild gestures as they shook the chains that shackled them, added to the effect

of the magnificent spectacle, contrasted as they were with the martyr-like appearance of their companions in captivity, "The Fathers of the Trinity," who, though seeing death before them in this frightful shape, stood intrepidly erect, around a tall Ecclesiastic who held the sacred symbol of the Cross on high.

A female figure, clothed in a long white cloak, clung to the arm that uplifted it; and as this singular group, with masts and rigging blazing round them like illuminated pillars, burst through the fierce and sudden light upon the view, a cry of amazement broke from the crew of 'Le Vaillant,' whose gallant tars, headed by Lord Ogilvie, sprang forward to the rescue, while the life-boat was instantly lowered for the same purpose.

The scene that followed was terribly sublime. It was an affecting sight to witness the energy those men put forth to help their foes, and save them from an Ocean grave, hazarding their own lives in dragging them into the boat through clouds of lurid smoke, and amidst the tumbling of splinters, ropes, and fiery pitch, which with fearful velocity fell into the hissing waters. Many

of the impatient Pirates plunged out of the ship into the sea, fairly covering its surface, while others lay weltering and beating against the boat, endangering its safety and possible return to 'Le Vaillant.'

With the just and chivalrous feeling which ever distinguished him, Lord Ogilvie now directed his main efforts to the rescue of the Turkish and the Barbary prisoners. He had already succeeded in placing the one female captive (evidently a European) with "The Holy Fathers" in the boat, which, filled to overflowing, was in such peril from the increasing conflagration, and the struggling wretches who, in the energy of despair, clung frantically to her side, that Ogilvie, as he swung himself aboard, compelled his men, by efforts almost superhuman, to force her through the boiling sea in preservation of their lives.

It was a bloody struggle, but a triumph. The spirit of the sailors could not quail, and in a few moments one loud "Hurrah!" told that those they rescued from the jaws of death were safe on board 'Le Vaillant,' which the next instant shot to a distance from 'The Death-Flag.'

At the same moment a man was seen mounted aloft upon the stern of the latter, boldly brandishing a two-handed broadsword.

It was Jeffries, the American Pirate, who stood thus boldly, undaunted and alone, upon his burning ship! Its main-mast tottered—the solitary Buccaneer was blown high into the air; the blazing substances projected with him fell back with a horrible crash upon the deck.

The whole vessel was convulsed—she reeled from her prow to her keel, and, as if struck by an earthquake, burst asunder!

The explosion was magnificently awful. Detonations like the sound of thunder rolled over the illuminated sea, while immense columns of fire, as if from the crater of a volcano, rushed impetuously upwards, and the next instant were quenched in the Ocean's depths; not a spar, splinter, nor vestige remaining to tell the fearful tale of the destruction of 'The Death-Flag!'

The silence that followed was intense. Each man seemed to hold his breath, and on the mass of rude dark faces that were clustered on the deck of 'Le Vaillant,'

an expression of awe predominated even above the energy of triumph.

The voice of her commander broke the spell, as he gave the necessary orders to secure the ship, which were speedily fulfilled. His practised eye at a glance perceived all that should be said or done.

Trusty hands were at the helm. The Barbary and Turkish captives, with "The Holy Fathers of the Trinity," rejoiced in their unexpected freedom; the Pirate prisoners, though well secured, were treated with the humanity which always marks a gallant spirit. The wounded men were tended with the greatest care; the deck was cleared of the dead who had been trampled under foot; and such obedient alacrity characterized the conduct of the crew, that in an inconceivably short time all was hushed and still, as though no naval battle had occurred. Ogilvie, amid the enthusiastic thanks and attentions of his comrades, had had his slight wound dressed, and under the influence of an opiate, administered by his surgeon, now slept profoundly.

His hammock, by his Lordship's orders, was slung outside the door of the cabin oc-

cupied by Edith O'Moore and the European female, who, liberated from slavery at Tunis by "The Fathers of the Trinity," had been so providentially rescued from the Irish Buccaneers.

Those lawless men were returning with prisoners and booty from successful expeditions against the Turks and Algerines, when, on the high seas, they encountered and attacked the vessel bearing from Barbary to the shores of Ireland the Ministers of God, with the slaves they had emancipated. Fortune then and for the last time declared in favour of 'The Death-Flag'!

After the crew and valuable property of the conquered ship had been transferred to that of the victors, the shattered wreck was left a prey to the winds and waves.

Great had been the triumph of the Irish Buccaneers, but, as we have seen, it was of short duration, for soon the prisoners they had captured were restored to freedom, and the Pirates themselves became the vanquished.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Gone, gone are the days when the western gale  
Awoke every voice of the lake and the vale,  
With the harp, and the lute, and the lyre!  
When Justice uplifted her adamant shield,  
While Valour and Freedom illumined the field,  
And thy free-born sons made the foeman to yield  
With a sword and a plumage of fire!"

THE EMERALD ISLE.

"Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!  
Holist powers, permit no wrong!"

SHELLEY.

WHILE William Sullivan pursues his schemes, we are at liberty to return to Eva Dillon. Strong in resolution as we have described her to be, still she was momentarily overpowered by fears for the fate of Edith O'Moore, and by terror on her own account, when she reflected on the ominous success which again attended the measures of the man whose present power seemed but a presage of his eventual and complete triumph. It was only natural that in the first instance Eva Dillon's energy should

VOL. II.

F

fail, so that she sank beneath the woman's fears which rent her bosom. But, after a strong mental conflict, during which she invoked the aid of the Great Being who alone could help her, she regained her firmness; and, though agitated by relapsing terrors, was enabled to sustain her resolution, and to impart a portion of it to poor Norah, whose impotent lamentations, uttered in all the vehemence of grief and passion, she at length succeeded in repressing.

The original disposition of the O'Sullivan-Beare was not without qualities which in early life might have been improved into virtues; for, as is frequently the case with Irishmen, there was a strong mixture of incongruous attributes in the composition of a character that had been moulded to its present shape chiefly by the operation of external circumstances. Amid the tumultuous energies of an ambitious and ill-regulated spirit, a wild sort of generosity sometimes seemed to work, and, unlike his polluted nephew, whose only redeeming point was indomitable courage, Murty Oge in certain moods of mind was accessible to feelings which, though transitory in their

duration, occasionally gleamed through the mists of vice and error which obscured his disposition. This was especially the case whenever a consciousness of mental strength was shown either in man or woman. He looked on the darings of the mind with sympathy; they commanded his respect, and brought out some glimmerings of that spirit of good, which, being one of the great elements of our nature, is almost indestructible, and is often shown amid the presence of every kind of moral confusion.

There are, with rare exceptions, no characters entirely abandoned to the fearful energies of sin; for over the most darkened mirror of the human mind gleams of virtue *will* sometimes suddenly pass, with bright, though transient lustre. Awed by Eva Dillon's majestic spirit, and touched by her innocence, a rising respect for her called up the few good feelings which vicious habits had not quenched within the breast of the Chief of Irish Buccaneers. As from beneath his contracted brow he fixed a deep glance on his young and beautiful victim, he instinctively acknowledged her purity in contrast to his own guilt; and, actuated by

one of those sudden movements of the inner man to which we have alluded, Murty Oge obeyed the momentary impulse, and abstained from profaning Eva's ear by declaration of his passion. With a deep composure which astonished all around him, he continued to pace the little quarter-deck of his ship, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts, and seldom addressing a word to his companions.

Our heroine's mind grew comparatively calm as she witnessed the altered conduct of The O'Sullivan, and, though she deemed it probable he was acting a part of specious dissimulation, she was grateful for the respite it afforded to her harassed feelings, as well as for the time which it allowed for reflecting on the uncertainties of her painful situation.

The wind having been full in favour of the ship when sailing from the Skeligs, she sped with so much swiftness, that before the change of weather we have mentioned had begun she was floating in the deep expansive harbour of Kilmakalogue. This haven is formed by one of the finest indentations of the Kenmare river, which, thirty

miles in length, is most picturesquely situated, the noble range of the Kerry mountains with their lofty peaks being visible through verdant valleys, as, gracefully receding behind each other, they present a magnificent perspective until lost in the distance. Pursuing her course, the vessel sailed up the majestic river (or rather bay, for it is in fact an inlet of the sea) until she was abreast of Ardea Castle, the ancient seat of The O'Sullivans,\* which, built on the summit of a lofty cliff that starts up abruptly from the waterside, commands the whole of the splendid prospect in its vicinity. The bold romantic situation of the edifice and the objects around it exhibit every variety of picturesque scenery. Towards the head of the Kenmare river several islands of singular beauty, abounding in red, white, and purple marble, are reflected in the broad water, many of them nourishing the arbutus and all kinds of shrubs within their picturesque recesses. Creeks and coves, craggy rocks, verdant glens, stupendous mountains, sometimes rising from the very edge of the water, — forests, extensive morasses, and

\* See note III. at the end of the volume.

cataracts tumbling over cliffs covered with trees of every description, are among the varied objects which, amid this singular solitude, Nature in one view presents in sublime irregularity.

If Eva's mind had not been engrossed by harrowing fears, she must have derived the highest pleasure from contemplating a landscape so congenial to her refined taste. But, a victim to the keenest anxiety, she had little perception for outward appearances, excepting as they might be supposed to bear upon her future fate. Thus, as the Cutter flew along the river, her eye had been little more than momentarily interested ; but when, having anchored in the middle of the channel, opposite Ardea Castle, The O'Sullivan announced his design to land, Eva, by an increased pressure of Norah's arm, and a sudden quickness of breathing, manifested that all her agitations were renewed. Curb- ing those new fears, however, and not daring to offer fruitless resistance, she obeyed The O'Sullivan in descending with Norah into the small boat, which, having been lowered from the Cutter, waited to receive them. Father Syl crossed himself devoutly, and

uttered sundry edifying thanksgivings when he found himself safely stowed in the boat, and at the termination of a voyage which had caused him so many frights on "flood and field."

Without speaking a word, The O'Sullivan sat down beside our heroine; Connell and the Rapparee having seized an oar each, a few strokes of their paddles sent the little bark dancing to the verdant shore. As the rowers neared it, impassioned exclamations in the Irish language were distinctly heard, and almost in the same moment a figure was seen under the brow of a projecting rock close to the brink of the water. The back of the man was turned to the river, and his form was bent over something on shore that was covered with a frieze cloak, and which he seemed to be attentively considering. The position of the person thus employed concealed his face, but, as Murty Oge was now in that part of his territory where feudal devotion to himself existed to the utmost extent, he felt almost positive that he beheld a friend. Caution, however, seldom left him; therefore, ordering a sudden halt, he raised his finger to his mouth and gave

the shrill peculiar whistle which had often served as a note of re-union to hundreds of his clan. The kneeling figure sprang to his feet, and lifted his clenched hands, while his eyes seemed starting forth as with an expression of surprise, anxiety, and pleasure, he fixed them on the boat.

"'Tis our good kinsman and namesake, Murty *Tongue Arrigud*," said the Chieftain, as he motioned to his men to oar again.

"By the powers 't is his own purty self, for all the world as thin as a gridiron, an' as yallow as a kite's claw! Fellow me his like for a scholard an' a beauty from the top o' the north to the kingdom o' Kerry!" cried Dan Connell; and, dashing to land, he hastily roared out, "Here we are! here we are! Schoolnasther agra! comed back to ould Ireland all of a suddent from off iv a cruise, wid (success to our timbers!) a bit iv a prize that's well worth a hailing."

Instead of returning Dan's vociferous ejaculations, He of the Silver Tongue impressively waved one hand, while, raising the other to his lips, he stood perfectly still, assuming an aspect so lowering and an air of mystery so profound, that Connell, as the

boat touched the shore, exclaimed in evident amazement,

“ *Curp-an-dioul!* if it doesn’t bang ould Nick to see your Honour fugling away, wid your thumb on your nose, an’ your chin poked out, an’ your cheeks sucked in, insted o’ resaaving us all wid a sprightly ‘Hurra! Boys!’ an’ *caedh mille fealtha\** to the O’Sullivan-Beare, the great Earl of Bearhaven, from your own ‘silver tongue’!”

Without noticing this expostulation, the schoolmaster strode to the water’s edge, and, seizing the arm of his Chief, who had just sprung to the shore, he cautiously whispered some words in his ear. The grim visage of the latter was marked by a dark surprise, as he listened to his kinsman’s communication, and, despite of the firmness of his nerves, his eye became disturbed, while, in a manner somewhat irresolute, he ordered Connell and the Rapparee to assist the females to land, and to wait with them his further directions. Then, plunging one arm into his breast, he walked aside with his kinsman, and continued a whispered conversation, which, from the appearance of the speakers, seemed

\* A hundred thousand welcomes!

equally energetic and important. The confident assurance of Dan Connell instantly settled into a profound silence, and, though he obeyed his master by placing our heroine ashore, while the Rapparee did the same for Norah and the Priest, yet his eyes continued fixed with fearful interest on the distant figures of his Chief and the renowned Silver-tongued schoolmaster of Kenmare.

A low cry of horror which burst from Eva Dillon, and was echoed by Father Syl, made Connell quickly turn round his face, which, notwithstanding his natural callousness, expressed both sorrow and surprise, when it rested on a dead and mangled body, which it was evident had recently been washed to land. The head and shoulders were bare; the rest of the figure was wrapped in an old Irish mantle, and, stiff and cold, the corpse was stretched upon the ground precisely where Murty *Tongue Arrigud* had been first discovered by his countrymen.

“Wurrah! wurrah! Tim *Lauve Darrig*—Tim o’ the Red Hand!—is this the end you’ve come to at last?—to be dhrowned like a cat, an’ lift dead on our hands in no

time at all!" exclaimed Connell, as with unusual emotion he looked on the hard and bloodless face of his former comrade, and extended one arm towards it, while with the other he held the affrighted girl, who, trembling in every joint, was obliged to lean against him for support.

"Daniel Connell, now look to the jewel o' the earth that you hould in your arums as white as a sheet, an' lave the dead man to take care iv himse'f; an' if you've a spark o' tindher feelin' about yees, an' wouldn't put a nail in my coffin, why take us away from that sight o' sights!" cried Norah, gasping for breath; and, no longer able to suppress the outbreak of her agitation, she caught her brother's shoulder between her hands, and gazed into his face with a depth of expression which even his rude soul could scarcely resist.

"Don't be afeard iv the dead, ye poor foolish crathurs! Shure his 'Red Hand' can't hurt yees now!" cried Dan Connell, quickly bearing Eva to the other side of a rock which Father Syl, guided by the instinct that always made him shun disagreeable objects, had already reached. The rock behind

which the priest had squatted himself completely screened the corpse from view ; and, as Connell reached the level spread of ground that lay between it and other pilings of stone which shot up here and there in curious configurations, he placed Eva by her nurse's side, and could not avoid relaxing his features into some rude sympathy with their agitation, as clinging close together they crouched upon the grass.

While this little scene was passing, Murty *Tongue Arrigud* briefly informed The O'Sullivan of the abduction of Miss O'Moore by his nephew, as well as of the public search that was now being made through the whole country for the delinquent, and which only a few hours since had been instituted within the walls of Ardea Castle. Of the heir of Ross Mac Owen's fate—further than his having sailed from Ireland with his victim accompanied by Tim *Lauve Darrig*—the schoolmaster could give no account ; but having stated that the tide had just washed up Tim's corpse, he suggested that in all probability William Sullivan had either shared his companion's fate, or, being landed on the Continent, was safe from the ven-

geance of the law. With his usual persuasion, the narrator then proceeded to advise The O'Sullivan to prove *his* innocence by waiting instantly on Mr. Puxley, in order to declare his reprobation of his nephew's conduct, and his own total ignorance of it until the present moment.

The whole of this communication had not occupied ten minutes. At its conclusion, The O'Sullivan suddenly withdrew the hand with which he had latterly veiled his face. It was pale as ashes, but calmly stern, when, without giving any expression of his feelings, except what his countenance betrayed, he thanked his kinsman, and assented to the wisdom of his plan, as well as to its adoption.

The Chieftain then, by an ingenious tale, accounted for the past residence abroad and the present return of Norah Connell, who, from a report sedulously spread by her brother, years ago, was supposed to have died on a pilgrimage to Lough Dergh. With the same brevity, The O'Sullivan communicated a story devised between him and his special confidants, and which, under the seal of secrecy, was to explain the equally unexpected appearance of Eva Dillon. It

had been arranged that to the few individuals whose services it might be necessary to employ, our heroine should be represented as a person mysteriously connected with the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and placed by him beneath the temporary care and custody of The O'Sullivan-Beare. Norah's attachment to, and connexion with her fair charge, were explained with a clever ingenuity and a disregard to truth equal to that which dictated the whole of the Irish Chief's narration ;—nevertheless, the story was so speciously devised, that it imposed completely even on our learned pundit. Perceiving this, The O'Sullivan signified his desire that the females should be lodged immediately in Ardea Castle, where, under the strict *surveillance* of Murty *Tongue Arrigud*, he wished them to remain concealed until affairs became more settled.

This proposition commanded unqualified assent from the village pedagogue ; and, as he gave it, he raised his eyes from the huge brass buckles of his brogues, where in admiration they had lately rested, and fixed them, with an air of ludicrous importance, on his kinsman. Then drawing up his tall person to a perpendicularity as erect as a sign-post,

he jerked the suit of rusty black that hung in threadbare folds about his gawky figure, and placed his hands within the gaping pocket-holes of his nether garments, while his sallow visage lengthened until it almost seemed as if sufficient light were admitted through the stretched parchment of his meagre cheeks to count the teeth within. Having assumed this imposing aspect, Murty *Tongue Arrigud* cast a complacent look on his spindle shanks, which, clothed in bright blue worsted stockings, won the admiration of every urchin in the Barony, and then stalked after The O'Sullivan, who, with a less dignified step, had already joined the party by the river's side.

Immediate despatch seemed the object of the Chief of the Buccaneers. Consigning Eva to the guidance of his kinsman, and Norah to that of the Rapparee, he ordered them to ascend the lonely bridle-path, which, in zig-zag windings, led up several mountain swells towards the rocky platform on which the edifice of Ardea Castle stood. While the *partie carrée* slowly and silently pursued their toilsome way, The O'Sullivan—who, with Father Syl and Dan Connell, kept considerably in the rear—re-commenced a recital

of the conversation he had held with the Schoolmaster of Kenmare, and communicated to them the important news he had received.

At this unexpected intelligence, Connell was taking fire, when the monitory eye of his Master, fixed on him in cold and stern caution, made him check his temper, and, fully conquering it, he entered, with his characteristic quickness, into every prospect connected with the present emergency. Plunging at once into business, he commended the intentions of his chief, and signified his own determination to accompany him to Ross Mac Owen the moment our heroine and her Nurse were lodged in Ardea Castle, which, as it had been searched already by the Military, seemed from that circumstance, and its isolated situation, the safest retreat that could be chosen. For many reasons, it was considered advisable for Father Syl to appear at Ross Mac Owen. The Priest, thinking it a much better domicile than Ardea Castle, willingly acceded to the proposal of partaking its good cheer, and promised to remain quite passive during any arrangements which his companions might deem necessary. Clapping his hands in token of approbation, Dan, with

the agility of a deer, ran in pursuit of the advanced party, who, after twenty minutes' clambering, had just reached the bottom of a flight of steps which, cut rudely in the rock, ascended to the main entrance of the castle.

"Hundhers o' welcomes to the fine ould roof iv Ardea, my *cushlas*! \* an' well may ye bide here a while wid' his Honour, Mither Murty *Tongue Arrigud*, to keep ye good company, an' give ye a thrifle o' larnin'; an' this nate an' ginteel Rapparee to guard ye from harum, an' to bring ye your mate an' your dhrink dog chape, all *gratis* for nothin', till the Masther an' I come back, wid Fader Syl, from the berrin' iv Tim *Lauve Darrig*, that broth iv a boy that lies down in the glin as dead as mutton—the curse o' the crows be off iv his corpse!"—cried Dan, as, having scampered to the uppermost step, he tossed his cap in the air, and cut a caper two yards from the ground. Then placing himself full in the arched and open doorway which afforded ingress to the castle, he prepared to do the honours of reception to our heroine as though he were its veritable Master.

A host of contending feelings gave energy

\* My dears!

to the efforts Eva made to preserve an appearance of composure ; and, aware of the inutility of shrinking from what could not be avoided, she ascended firmly to the side of Daniel Connell. Then turning round, she faced the whole landscape, and silently bent her searching looks in all directions to survey the localities of the place she clearly perceived would henceforth be her prison. Peculiar loneliness and striking loveliness were the characters of the scene. The Castle possessed no outworks, nor any great architectural beauty. It was a rude strong edifice, which, alternately bleached and blackened by the action of the elements, looked, to a fanciful eye, like a part of the high and craggy cliff on which it was erected. At one view, a sweep of hundreds of leagues on sea and land was taken in. The lofty and nearly impassable range of the Bearhaven mountains, in all the sharp effects of light and shade, rose in fine contrast to the verdant glen through which the Kenmare river, environed by hills and glades, swept on its course until it reached the everlasting sea. At the point where Ardea Castle stands, that river, which in some places is seven miles in breadth,

assumes the appearance of an estuary ; and as it dashed among the cliffs and crags, the hoarse murmur of its waters resembled that of the ocean, and rather increased than broke the sense of solitude. When Eva, in the mood of excited feelings which the scene produced, turned to look at Norah, she caught her eye fixed on the ancient Castle with a depth of expression such as she had never witnessed.

But little time for observation, however, was allowed, as Connell, having entered the black and open doorway, called on Eva to do the same. She obeyed, and, closely followed by her Nurse, stepped into a long dark passage built in the body of a thick wall, which, after many windings, ushered them into the arch-roofed and pillared hall of the Castle of Ardea. It was a spacious stone-floored chamber hung with very ancient armour, that now, completely rusted, intermingled with tattered banners, broken shields, and trophies of the chase, among which the enormous antlers of the Irish elk were picturesquely conspicuous. Everything looked monotonously dark, the light that was partially admitted being barely sufficient to define interior objects. No Minstrel, as in

former times, welcomed the return of the Chief of The O'Sullivans with the harp's loud swells, and War-songs which in days of yore had made the carved roof ring again with triumphant echoes. No festal banquet crowned the board round which, in by-gone years, hundreds of devoted Clansmen were wont to raise on high the sparkling wine-cup, while quaffing, in a rude but loyal roar, the health of their liege lord, the then O'Sullivan-Beare.

All now was silent as the graves of the former Chiefs of Ardea Castle, and, while Eva Dillon stood in the centre of that ancient hall, she involuntarily drew a comparison between the present and the past, with feelings as agitating as they were novel and unaccountable. In those emotions Nurse Norah seemed to sympathize strangely, for, as she stood stationary near her youthful Mistress, she held her head erect, her lips quivering with a kind of vague meaning, and her brow bent as if she longed to vent the feelings that were labouring in her breast. At this instant, the degenerate representative of The O'Sullivans entered the Hall of his Fathers, and as Connell and the Rapparee advanced some steps to meet him, Norah,

acting by stealth, laid her trembling hand on Eva's arm, and, giving a peculiar look of caution, quickly whispered—

“*Chorra ma chree!*\*—this ain't the *fust* time *you* wor here!”

“Norah, you say so? Oh! can it be true! Tell me—tell me all!” whispered Eva in reply, and utterly astonished.

“Umph! by-an'-bye may be I'll spake more about it,” murmured the Nurse, with equal mystery and fear; then, crossing herself devoutly, she began to repeat an *Ave Maria* in order to answer the inquiring eye, which, the moment faint whisperings met his ear, was turned on her by The O'Sullivan. This hint was quite enough for our observant heroine, and taking it for granted that silence was her safest course, she merely bowed her head as the chief of the Irish Buccaneers, with unusual courtesy, committed her to the charge of his kinsman of “the Silver Tongue,” and having promised to see her in a few days, raised her hand to his lips and took his leave, accompanied by Father Syl and Daniel Connell.

Eva and her faithful companion were then

\* *i. e.* Pulse of my heart!

conducted up a long flight of stairs to their future chamber. It was a small square room built in one of the turrets of the Castle which faced towards the sea. Narrow castellated slits in the deep massive wall at some feet from the floor, answered the purposes of windows. In one corner lay an ancient Irish Harp, all the strings of which were broken, and a worm-eaten but curiously carved table, with a few chairs equally antiquated, served to furnish the gloomy and desolate apartment, or rather prison. The adjoining chamber was as destitute of comforts as that we have described; two antique-looking beds, an iron lamp, and an old oak chair being all that it contained.

Mr. Murty *Tongue Arrigud* bowed profoundly to Eva as he ushered her into this untempting domicile; then, under plea of ordering refreshments and other conveniences, he withdrew, turning the rusty key on the outside of the massive door. As his retiring steps grew fainter, the two despairing females heard those of the Rapparee pacing up and down the room which lay on the exterior of the entrance to their prison. At this sign of the vigilance with which

they might expect to be watched in future, hope nearly fled from their hearts, and sinking on their seats they gazed wistfully upon each other, looking the fears they dreaded to express by words.

## CHAPTER IX.

"O all ye gods ! how this inflames my fury !  
I scarce can hold my rage : my eager hands  
Tremble to reach thee."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

"This is the man should do the bloody deed ;  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast."

SHAKESPEARE.

FULL of a thousand bold plans for the execution of his projects, The O'Sullivan-Bearé reached Ross Mac Owen.

His iron nerves seemed braced to even more than their usual rigour. Every idea of his complex and daring mind was strained into deep revolving thought, which even the privileged freedom of Dan Connell or the unsanctimonious jocularly of Father Syl dared not interrupt, as, seating himself before the huge chimney of his favourite apartment, he sternly signified in a few brief words his desire to be left alone.

His followers obeyed, and the Chief, as if relieved by their absence, gave himself entirely up to the consideration of his present position, and the arrangement of his future plans. His first movement was to examine the letters which had arrived at Ross Mac Owen during his absence. Among the varied communications, one arrested his attention in a peculiar degree. It came from a distant relative who resided in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and conveyed the startling intelligence that Mr. Puxley had given information to the Government, which stated his strong suspicion—almost amounting to conviction—that Murty Oge O'Sullivan of Ross Mac Owen had been privy to the infamous abduction of Miss O'Moore, and that, at all events, he had to a certainty enlisted a number of men for the Irish Brigade in the French service, in which it was asserted he had recently been appointed to a Captain's commission.

"Hah! he lies!" muttered the Chief through his clenched teeth, as he clutched the paper he held. "So falsehood, as usual, directs the minion of the Hanover rat, and Treason lurks even among my own 'Wild

Geese.' "\* As he uttered those words, he burst into a loud laugh of derision that assorted well with the reckless bravo air which indescribably marked his attitude and bearing.

"Ho there!" he shouted, after a moment's pause. "Ho there!"

The well-known summons brought the trusty Dan directly to his side.

"Ah! thin, what's the matther, Masther jewel, wid ye *now*?" demanded Connell in the strained attitude of close attention, as he involuntarily asked the question, on<sup>3</sup> perceiving the frightfully-excited appearance of his Chief.

"Matter enough!—ay, matter which may peril both our Cause and lives!" ejaculated The O'Sullivan, his lips foaming with passion. "That comb of the Devil, Puxley!" he added in a tone of vehement exasperation, "has reported me to Government as being cognisant of that vile and silly exploit of my nephew—the abduction of Miss O'Moore, which, as *you* well know, I never even heard of until our return to Ireland; and has also by bribery

\* The singular *sobriquet* by which such recruits were invariably designated.

and corruption discovered the whole secret of our Volunteer Associations, and reported it to Government; for which black deed my heart's curse on him!" he shouted, with a face livid with rage, and striking the table violently as he spoke. "I now renounce at once and for ever all idea of temporizing with this jackal of the German Elector, as I intended when I left the Castle of Ardea—for his first information to my enemies is *a lie*—a deep, a damned *lie*; and his second must upset my best-laid schemes!"

There was a momentary pause, during which Connell fixed a deep and scrutinizing gaze upon his master. As he did so, an exulting smile of frightful import lighted up his face, which became pale as death, when, springing from the opposite side of the table to that where The O'Sullivan stood, he grappled at his throat, and, putting his mouth quite close to his ear, he hoarsely whispered—

"Puxley must be *murdered*!"

The O'Sullivan's large and lustrous eye glared still more wildly than before, his face became of ashy paleness, and his whole person and countenance assumed an aspect as highly excited as that of insanity.

"*When—where—how* shall the deed of Death be done?" he demanded, in a suppressed but steady voice of demoniacal determination.

"In the lone path that laads through the Glin to the devil's turf, where the Hathens' Church is built!" replied Connell, even at such a moment making the sign of the Cross to atone for having named the heretical object.

"That is the *where*—now for the *how* and the *when*!" muttered The O'Sullivan with unflinching ferocity, and in deep accents which sounded like the murmur of the thunder-cloud before it bursts.

"*Lave the how to this!*" shouted Connell, extending to their utmost stretch the fingers of the huge hand which he steadily held forth.

"At your peril, defraud me of *my* prey! By *my* hand the bloody Exciseman dies! But I am no *murderer*, and it shall be in fair and open combat," uttered The O'Sullivan-Beare, in a low, concentrated voice, almost inarticulate with wrath.

"*Thannu-mun-diaoul!* Thin be it so. Yit remimber, sorra' a son o' Adam but your blessed se'f should bar me o' the glory o' that

deed!" ejaculated Connell, grinding his teeth with rage at being obliged to relinquish it, even to the Master he adored.

"'Tis well," cried The O'Sullivan, breathing one deep and fervent curse, as he locked his associate's hand within his own in token of their fearful compact. "The *where* you have rightly fixed—the *when* shall be on Sunday next! And now I wish to be alone," he added, waving his hand with a sort of savage dignity towards the door, in intimation that he desired to digest in solitude the full details of the atrocious enterprise which engrossed his thoughts.

His confidant, in obedience to the mandate thus received, bowed and immediately withdrew.

## CHAPTER X.

“Oh! how shall we declare the fatal truth—  
How wound thy tender bosom with alarms?”

TIGHE.

“Psyche, dismayed, yet thoughtful of escape,  
In anxious silence to the portal press’d;  
And freedom would have hail’d in any shape,  
Though seen in death’s tremendous colours dress’d.”

IDEM.

PASSING over all the minor circumstances, inconveniences, and *espionage* to which Eva Dillon and her faithful Nurse have been subjected since they last claimed the attention of the reader, we return to Ardea Castle. The learned pedagogue and his assistant had never relaxed an iota of the vigilance towards their captives which the Chieftain had enjoined, as the most sacred duty to himself and to the interests of his Clan.

Thus circumstanced, Eva and her attached companion could hold no confidential intercourse, except during the hours which it was supposed they devoted to sleep. The prin-

cipal part of every night, therefore, was dedicated to whispered conversations relative to the present, past, and future ; but despite of all entreaties, Norah, seeming to have repented her few involuntary yet memorable words uttered at the moment she entered the Hall of Ardea Castle, had hitherto obstinately refused to explain them to the anxious and importunate Eva Dillon.

Though profoundly disappointed by this unexpected reserve, yet finding every effort to remove it ineffectual, our heroine, with her usual sweetness of temper, resigned the attempt for the present, trusting that eventually her beloved Nurse would prove less inexorable to her wishes. In daytime, they were allowed the privilege of walking through the beautiful scenery immediately surrounding Ardea Castle, but the invariable presence on those occasions of "the silver-tongued" Schoolmaster of Kenmare and the ferocious Rapparee prevented any confidential discourse upon their actual situation, or discussion on the many plans for escape which naturally and continually engrossed their thoughts. The sleeping-room they occupied in the turret of the Castle was very small, close, and low-

roofed. Oppressed by its confinement, as well as by the intense anxiety felt as much in regard to the fate of Edith O'Moore as for their own, repose so seldom visited the pillows of its inmates that the greater part of every night was passed at the narrow opening that gave the only source of ventilation to their apartment. Outside the locked door of the sitting-room beyond, the Schoolmaster and the Rapparee relieved each other as sentinels through the night. The moon streamed with unwonted radiance upon Eva and her Nurse, when, having first shut the door of their sleeping chamber to prevent a syllable being heard, they, according to custom, shaded their burning lamp, and approached close to the aperture by which air and light were intromitted, Eva occupying a very ancient, high-backed Oaken chair curiously carved, her pale cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the beautiful, though limited view of the adjacent scenery which lay gleaming in the moonbeams.

Norah, crouched on the floor at the feet of her Mistress, occasionally told her beads with unwonted rapidity, and at other times, suddenly ceasing to repeat her muttered

Litanies, she would drop her rosary and sway her body backwards and forwards with a slow, monotonous movement, covering her face with her hands as if to exclude external objects.

The solemn night-wind swept in fitful gusts around the Castle, but, as yet, so gently that it sounded like what we might imagine would be the sighs of departed Spirits, if permitted to witness and to mourn over the sorrows and the errors of the loved on earth. Eva Dillon's eyes seemed to dwell abstractedly on the silver-tinted clouds that, every moment changing their picturesque shapes, flitted athwart the sky, which was gradually assuming a more lowering aspect.

"An' what is *ma Colleen* thinkin' iv? Is it o' the purty klipstick\* they've putt us in, bad luck to 'em an' more's the pity?" ejaculated Norah, in a deep whisper, as suddenly she withdrew her hands from her dark, earnest eyes, and fixed them inquiringly and full of melancholy meaning on her young companion.

Eva Dillon smiled faintly, as looking down with sweet affection she replied—

\* Dilemma.

“Dear Nurse, I have been trying to divert my mind from present misery by dwelling on the happy past! My thoughts just now were with the Edith O'Moore of former days, with Lord Ogilvie, the dear companion of our youth, and with her who has been as the fondest Mother unto me. Dost remember all the pretty German legends Lady Tullibardine used to tell against your Irish ones?” she added, trying to recover her spirits, and affectionately stroking back the elfin locks which had escaped beneath the white coif that had confined them. “Well, Nurse mine, the dark, majestic scene around us—the wind which is rising into wild mountain-music every moment—that crested precipice fringed with tall fir-trees silvered by the Moon's capricious light, which sometimes gives them clearly to the view, and then retreating leaves them fading, vanishing away like fleeting ghosts—all this brought back to memory our loved friend's favourite legend of ‘The Brocken Hill:’ and now listen prithee, darling Nurse!” cried Eva reproachfully, as she remarked the perfect abstraction of her attendant, “and fancy, if you can, that your own Brian Boru, Carolan, or any

Bard or Seanachie of our Isle of Saints,  
wrote what you shall hear, instead of its  
being the composition of your wayward  
child!" she added, playfully tapping Norah's  
cheek, and the next moment, in a more se-  
rious tone, repeating the following lines,  
which, in imitation of the German, she  
named, *à l'improptu*,—

## THE MAGIC CHASE.

## 1.

Over the woodlands swiftly fly  
Wandering leaves along the sky.  
Yes!—now 's the time for frolic fun,—  
The Magic Chase has just begun!

## 2.

Hark to the Hag's laugh!—Ha, ha, ha!  
The wild shriek tells—'tis Chiseba!  
She 's caught the torrent on the rock!—  
She 's crack'd its neck!—list to the shock!

## 3.

The Spectre of the Brocken stands  
Upon the crested hill: his hands  
Shrouded in mist—outstretch'd on high,  
Gigantic mingle with the sky!

## 4.

Soft moonbeams make his flowing hair;  
Stars—the bright poetry of air—  
Clustering round him in the skies,  
Watch on with shining, sleepless eyes.

5.

See! see! beneath, above, around,  
How Witches, Elves, and Sprites abound!  
Hailing their Lord of Sov'reign will,  
*The Spectre of the Brocken Hill!*

6.

Come, see our own Ghosts on the top  
Of yonder grey and mystic rock,  
With labels nail'd to every back  
By hellish fingers.\*—Hark! the crack

7.

Of forest branches, loudly tell  
The Spectre's Storm is working well.  
Hark to the horns that through the sky  
Proclaim the viewless Huntsman nigh!

8.

See! see! high perch'd on yonder rock  
That mystic bird—the Yellow Cock—  
His red nose twisted all awry,  
Screeching infernal revelry!

9.

Away! away!—'tis frolic fun:  
The Magic Chase indeed 's begun!  
Away! and in unhallow'd fray  
Join the Wild Chase.—Away! away!

“What think you? Now am I not a  
*raal* poet, dear Nurse mine?” asked Eva,

\* This alludes to the well-known superstition that mortals who are bold enough to ascend the celebrated Brocken Hill on a particular night, called in German *Walpurgis Nacht*, have the privilege of seeing their own ghosts, with a billet pinned to their backs bearing the name and date of death.

with a sportiveness assumed for the nonce to drive away the cloud of care and wrapt reflection that had gradually gathered upon Norah's brow, and mimicking the national accent which was so richly hers in patriotic preservation.

The dark eyes of Norah flung their lightning round her as, looking almost like a Sibylline Pythoness, she threw back her white coif, and, falling suddenly on her knees, clasped her hands together, and whispered in a low voice of deepest solemnity, and as if quite unconscious of any previous conversation—

“Eva, light o’ my eyes an’ darlint o’ my sowl! I’ll spake,—*I’ll spake!*—An’ Mary, Mother o’ Heaven! forgive an’ absolve me, if the Confission that for years has been tearin’ at the fibres o’ my heart (an’ which, no doubt, I ought to make in sacret in Holy Church before a Priest, if I had but ’casion) is tould at the last to *you!*” she added, grasping Eva’s arm with the violence of a mental agitation that distorted every feature of her speaking countenance.

A strange perturbation, almost equally intense, shook the frame of Eva, which trembled between hope and fear, as a sudden sus-

picion crossed her mind. The veins of her forehead swelled, her eyes dilated, and looking hurriedly around she gasped forth in the lowest tone, "Oh, do not, do not mock me! Is it of my parents—those who gave me life—that you at length will speak? Is it, my own dear Nurse?" she faltered in still more choking accents, as drop by drop her eloquent tears fell over the cheek on which she flung her own.

"IT IS!"

There was a solemn silence, during which various emotions distorted the wild countenance of Norah, while that of Eva was scarcely less disturbed. At length the Nurse, ceasing the strange rocking of her body we have before described, coiled herself up like a ball at the feet of Eva Dillon; and, resisting every attempt to make her alter this position, she clasped her hands together, and, fixing her eyes upon her Mistress, whispered solemnly, but so low that the words could meet no ears but those for which they were intended,—

"Eva, *mavourneen*! I'm goin' to unlock my heart o' hearts, for if I don't 'twill surely burst! In word, an' thought, an' deed, I've

lov'd an' niver wronged ye, since you was a babby at my breast; that is,"—(and here an expression of deep anguish crossed her features)—"I niver *maned* to wrong ye, tho' may be I *have* widout the intintion, by raason that till this blissed hour I've kipt the oath they made me take! But *now*"—here a fearful wildness gleamed from her uplifted eyes—"I see their wickedness, their schames, their life's crimes! An' by this Holy Cross o' bades," she added, holding up the large black crucifix that hung at her side, "I'll tell ye all the thruth I know; an' thin, in fastin', prayer, an' pinance, I'll pin my faith on the intercession o' the Mother o' Heaven, an' all the blessed Marthyrs, for the absolution o' my sin!"

"Do not tell me *if it* BE A SIN!" gasped Eva faintly, and laying her hands across her Nurse's lips.

The old woman eagerly kissed the cold white fingers, while, moving them from her mouth, she said—

"It can't be *mortual* sin, *agra*!—it can't be that *now*—but even if it *was*, I'd peril this poor sowl o' mine, an' live in Purgatory for a thousand years, sooner than let ye sink

one step furdher in their hellish pitfalls!" As she whispered those words, she sank her head upon her breast, muttered an Ave Maria, and then, having reverently signed the Cross in the palm of her hand,\* she stretched out her bare arms in an attitude of supplication, and said in a voice which, though extremely low, was emphatically distinct,—

"My own heart! listen to me now, an' if ye can help it, don't spake a word, good or bad, to break the thread o' my discoorse."

The agitated Eva bowed assent, and Norah thus continued :—" 'Tis about sixteen summers, or as good as may be, since I was woke up out o' my draamin' sleep in the middle o' the night, by my broder Dan Connell, an' whisked off afore him on a horse as mad as himself, widout spaakin' one word, to this sefsame Castle iv Ardea, where you and I are sated now in the bright moonshine.— We niver crack'd cry till we comed to this sthrange ould place, an' here, shure enough, was The O'Sullivan-Beare, an' in a mortual pucker he looked, whin, widout spaakin' a word, he hoisted me off iv my four-footed

\* A custom with the lower Irish on momentous occasions.

baste, an' thin pulled me by the right hand, fust up one stair, an' thin down another, an' thin up agin, an' on, an' on, till we comed to a fine clever \* bed-room:—‘Here’s the Nurse I promised come at last!’ said the Masther to the beautifulest lady I ever set my two livin’ eyes upon, who was stretched on a grand testher bed, wid a sweet little new-born babby beside iv her. Her face was as white an’ as cowld as the grave-stones whin the moon shines over ’em, an’ her tongue was as silent too!—That lady—that angel on airth—*Cushla machree!*—was——”

“MY MOTHER!”—ejaculated Eva, almost choked with agitation, as she seized the extended hand of Norah, and pressed it to her throbbing heart, without power to add another word.

“You spake God’s thruth,” solemnly whispered the sympathizing Nurse; “an’ you was the small, tendher crathur that lay on her snow-white bussom, wid your dear little hand across it, lookin’ for all the world like a cherub o’ God asleep in the arums o’ one iv his Saints! An’ as I gazed on your own

\* i. e. Large.

blessed Mother lyin' there wid all her beauty on her sweet pale face, I saw that Death was hard by, an' was come to dale his last blow!—so I riz her up in my arums, an' hugged her close to my warm heart—('t was *young* thin, dear!)—an' I poured some dhrops iv a cordial down her throat, an' my hot tears fell fast on her frozen cheek, as I call'd her by every fond Irish name, an' pray'd that Heaven might be her bed, if God would take her away!—but she heeded me not at all at all, darlint! but fix'd her sweet eyes on The O'Sullivan-Beare, who stood lookin' like a dumb-foundhered dare-divil close by her side. The angels o' Heaven that wor all round her bed (tho' by rason iv our sins we couldn't discarn 'em \*) gave her strength to start up from her pillow all iv a suddent; an' thin, in a voice, the sweet sound o' which I'll niver hear the likes iv agin in this base wicked world, she laid one hand on her babby, an' fixin' a last look on the Chief, gasped out in long heavy brathings that burnt every word straight into the memory o' my heart—'Swear to befrind my Child,

\* A prevalent Irish superstition regarding the death-bed of a holy person.

for the sake iv him who lost life in defend-  
ing *yours*! *His* death has been *mine*—you  
towld it so suddinly—so——but I forgive  
—my heart is broken!’

“ ‘ She raves!—she ’s deminted!’ said  
the Chief, pushing me all a one side. ‘ Be  
off!’ he cried, pointin’ to the door: ‘ Be off  
this minute!’ but Norah Connell wasn’t  
the mhoodawn\* he tuck her for;—an’ so,  
widout wid or by your lave, I dropped on  
my two bended knees, an’ prayed for the  
sowl o’ the dying saint—for she was *that*,  
if ever there was one upon airth!—An’ thin,  
as the Chief riz her up still more in the  
bed, she laned on her elbow, an’ struve  
an’ struve to spake, an’ at last these words  
forced their ways out—‘ Swear to purtect  
my Child!—an’ *if* my faithful servant ever  
returns——’ Core o’ my heart! at that self-  
same awful minute the death-rattle saazed  
on her throath, an’ not another word could  
she spake; so just layin’ her hand on her  
sleepin’ babby—that’s *you*, dear!—her eyes,  
like two fallin’ stars, flashed a wild light,  
that towld how her poor dying heart was  
wringin’ to know if he’d take that vow; an’

\* Silly creature.

thin The O'Sullivan, all in a fluster, as if to get rid o' that pint an' to come to anither while there was time, said, signing the Cross, 'I *do* swear!' an' thin, rushin' up to the dyin' lady, agin an' agin, through his set teeth, as if the diaoul (purtect us!) put words in his mouth, he stormed an' thundered out—'But why that IF? Don't ye *know* that your servant is dead? Why thin that IF? Spake! Do you hear? Spake!'

"Bud gettin' no answer at all at all, he repaated his quistion, an' shuck the arum o' the dyin' darlint, as if, for all the world, 't was one iv his Cutther's cables; an' so mad entirely was he, that sorra a one o' him tuck note o' my prisence the laste taste in life: but whether he did or did not was no great matther, seeing as how I wouldn't have stirred a stump for the best he that ever throd on shoe-leather! An' thin, all iv a suddint, a bright light seemed to shine out round the blessed head o' the dyin' lady, an' raisin' her hand, she pointed to heaven, an' smiled like an Angel, as she soon was to be—for I heard the music o' God above her!\*

\* The imaginative Irish of the lower orders believe and assert that this often happens when a peculiarly virtuous person expires.

an' thin, turnin' round wid all the world iv a Mother's love baaming out iv her dyin' eyes, she dropped gently down jist close to her Child, an' brathed her last sigh on your tiny lips, an' I felt that her glory was on me!"

As Norah solemnly uttered those words she covered her face, and large drops which fell between her long thin fingers silently told the agitation the recital of this well-remembered scene created.

Not a sob, word, nor cry had escaped from Eva Dillon during the narration, and when Norah uncovered her features she was terrified at the fixedness of the young maiden's face, which had become like marble, while her frame shook dreadfully, and her eyes werestill riveted upon her Nurse, as if under the spell of a fascination she had not power to break.

"Queen o' the Saints aboove us!" whispered Norah, starting to her feet, as she looked on the noble countenance over which such a marked change had passed, and caught her nursling to her breast in a sudden burst of terrified fondness: "What's over her? Eva! deep pulse o' my life! for the sake

o' the ould heart that 's rock'd you to sleep wid its batings ten thousand o' times!—for the sake o' the Saints an' the Angels o' Heaven that crowd round your Mother in glory—**SPAKE !**”

At this appeal, torrents of tears gushed from Eva's eyes, which, losing their stony look, kindled into deep and profound excitement, as in a low husky voice she repeated the word “**MOTHER !**” and straining her Nurse still closer to her breast, softly faltered out—“*Go on !*”

“*Avourneen ma chree !*” whispered Norah, as she looked long and tenderly on the sweet face that lay on her shoulder, while the warm tears of affection fell in showers from her cheek upon it ; “I have n't much more to tell, an' supposing I had, how *could* I go on, my own darlint, whin my discoorse is brakin' your fresh young heart, like the storm that snaps the stim iv the rose ?”

“Nurse, dear Nurse,” faltered Eva, up-raising her head, and making a violent effort to subdue her emotion as she sank again upon her seat ; “I *will* be more calm ; but, oh ! to hear I had so sweet a Mother ! to know that I have lost her for ever ! and still

to feel bewildered as if in a fearful dream in all that most concerned her, is hard—most hard to bear! She was—she *must* have been all my heart could wish! Yet still *who* was my father, or, I should rather say, *her husband*, for *that* a voice from Heaven tells me that he was?”

“As sure as there’s a God, you spake the blessed thruth,” rejoined Norah, solemnly—  
 “No *get*\* iv a light-o’-love† are you! I’d sale *that* wid my blood—an’ yit, pride o’ my eyes an’ my sowl! wid all that I’ve done to come at the *whole* o’ the thruth, it has always sliddhered away from mysef like a slippery eel!”

“But surely, surely you must know *something* more? Oh Nurse, sweet Nurse! tell all, in pity tell me all!” gasped Eva, clasping her hands in fervent entreaty, while a bright flush passed over her blanched cheek, and hope once more sparkled in her eyes, as she prepared to listen in silence and anxiety.

“I’ll say my say at any rate, *asthore*! an’ thin, why shure ye can judge,” answered Norah, as, reseating herself on the floor and drawing herself up to her former

\* An illegitimate.

† An unchaste woman.

position, she muttered over her beads for a few moments, and then, with increased earnestness, thus, in a cautious whisper, she took up the thread of her strange history. "Well, whin The O'Sullivan-Beare saw the sweet crathur was dead entirely, he bolted out iv the room, an' left me to lay out the body; an' whin I moved it, what should I find but a long black ribbon tied round the neck, an' fastened to it war two beautiful picthurs, one on aither side iv the gowld framin'; an' one o' thim war as like as two eggs to the darlint that lay stretched out stone dead afore me! an' t'other was the picthur iv as fine a *moral*\* iv the figure iv a man as the finger o' God ever made; bud the face, which no doubt was as noble, no mortal could see, by raisin o' the glass bein' smashed an' crushed in, an' the ivory broke all to atoms where the faatures wor painted, which I take it was done by the dying darlint laaning her elbow upon it, whin she struggled to raise hersef up in the bed to make her appale to the Chief an'—"

"Nurse! Nurse! you took those pictures—you have preserved—Oh! give them!" gasped Eva Dillon, her agitation becoming

\* Model.

so irrepressible that she could not persevere in silence.

“Surely I did, an’ more than that, I cut off an ocean\* iv the gowlden hair o’ your blessed Mother, an’ fastened it wid the black ribbon all round the picthurs, intindin’ to give ’em both to the Chief; but what I seed afther made me clare an’ clane change my mind, an’ keep ’em all to myself, unknownst to a sowl; an’, light o’ my eyes! here they are safe an’ sound now, this blessed minute, whin the Queen o’ Heaven (praise an’ glory be hers!) diricts my tongue t’ unlock my owld heart, an’ spake out like a Christin woman, to circumvent all the divilish lies an’ intintions an’ schames, even iv my own born broder, an’ what’s more, iv the Chief o’ my Clan.—An’ for why would I not, whin I know for sartin (and she shuddered at the thought) that they’re bent on the ruination o’ the dear one I’ve nursed at my breast, an’ who’ll live in my heart till death an’ judgment, whin I hope to see God face to face at the last great day?”

Anxiety and agitation that seemed to torture every feature out of its proper lineaments were fearfully depicted on our heroine’s

\* A great deal.

countenance, as, without power to pronounce a syllable in reply to this affecting address, she extended her hand for the expected treasure. Norah now drew it forth from her bosom, and breaking the sealed cover, a long luxuriant tress of hair fell on Eva's knee, glistening in the strong moonlight like a sheet of waving gold. In agitation too great for utterance, the trembling girl caught up the precious relic, and fervently pressed it to her quivering lips. The next instant, she grasped the miniatures from Norah's hand, and, as if her whole soul was in her eyes, gazed in solemn tenderness alternately on the pictured images of those who gave her being.

Even a *Mother's love*—that most immaculate and unselfish of all human ties—that sacred feeling which, from the cradle to the grave, lavishes its hoard of rich affections whether in joy or in sorrow, in health or in sickness, ay, oftentimes *in sin*, upon the child beloved ; to whom, should all the world forsake, a *Mother* clings with a measure of devoted tenderness so overflowing that one drop more can find no entrance to the heart !—even love like *that*, which seems to unite the purity of heaven with the affection of earth, could scarcely reveal itself with a more

ethereal expression than now shone from Eva Dillon's eyes, while, riveted on the miniatures before her, she seemed full of an absorbing interest that abstracted her from all other objects of external life. In sympathy and silence poor Norah watched the progress of the power she had evoked, her eyes shining through her tears, and her heart throbbing in anxiety, while, with instinctive delicacy, forbearing to require a word from the mournful and agitated girl before her, she softly said: "Look on! look on! as long as ye like, dear blood o' my veins! 't would break the heart widin me to disturb ye—tho' may be," she added with affectionate hesitation, "ye'd like to know all the little that's now left to be tould?"

"I would, dear Nurse, I *would*," faltered Eva in a deep exhausted voice; and, unable to say one word more, and almost suffocated by her emotions, she passed the ribbon of the miniatures around her neck, and placed the tresses next her heart.

"Well thin. After I dacently laid out the beautiful flower o' the field that was soon to be laid in the dust, I tuck ye up (and a sweet wee crathur ye was!) in my own two arums, an' wint down fair an' aisy to the

kitchen in this sef-same Castle iv Ardea, to give ye the milk o' my breast (for my own poor babby, that was born after its fader's death, died only three weeks afore, which you see was one o' the raasons that made the Chief an' my broder confabulate to bring me to suckle yees), an' whin I went on an' on through this great barrack iv a place, wid-out meeting a sowl, I fairly wondhered, but what struck me all iv a heap entirely was, whin, at last finding the kitchen (bad cess to it!), I saw stretched out stiff in a chair a dacent young faymale, an' not another Christin good nor bad! Whether the crathur was only sleepin' or dead, I know just as little now as thin; but this I *do* know for sartain, that I shuck her agin an' agin, but sorra a bit iv her moved hand or fut, no more than if she was dead as a herrin'; so at last I bawled in her ear an' axed her for the love o' Heaven to wake up and spake; and at that blessed minute Dan Connell, my broder, walks in, an' says, says he,—

‘Don't be afther bothering that poor crathur, that's worn out entirely wid the watchin' an' throuble she had at the birth o' that babby you 're howldin', but just lave her, Norah, to sleep her sleep out, an' come

off wid me to the Masther, who's waiting, as mad as blazes, to see ye both in the parlour.' An' wid that, what did he do but drags me an' the babby, *a-lannan!* that lay on my bussom as if 'twas my own, up the stairs, an' niver cracked cry till we was both to the fore o' the Masther; an' there shure enough he was marchin' up an' down in a sort iv a silent *tantarara*,\* an' Och! by my bades, what a heart I had whin he fixed his one great eye (an' faix *that* is a piercer!) right full on me an' the poor fairy thing in my arums. An' 'twas blazing, it was, like a bonfire whin he wint on spaakin' a power o' words that only seemed to consale what he meant, for afther all his palaverin' circum-bendibus iv a story, I couldn't for the bare life o' me make out whether he intinded to say he was fader to the weeny darlint I held—(that's you, dear!)—or no; tho' 'twas fairly hinted he *was* by himself an' by Dan; an' so, whin my Chief pushed a big Bible that lay on the table right forenent me, an' towld me to swear on *The Book* niver to let on† he was fader to the child, seein' as how the Holy Church hadn't sanctioned that same; an', moreover, at no time

\* Rage.

† To tell.

at all, at all, by my fear o' bell, book, an' candle-light, to brathe to one livin' sowl what I'd seed in the Castle, one way or other, but jist to bring up the babby in the thrue Roman faith, an' to lade her to think him her guardian, by name Captain Smith.

"Well, so frightened an' flustrefied was my poor sef that I tuck that same oath, an' shure that's what's cuttin' into the core o' my heart, *a-cushla-ma chree!* Och, now! don't ax me to stop till I come to the end o' my story," whispered Norah impetuously (seeing that Eva was about to speak), "an' 'tis as short as I can I'll make it, an' no spinning out! An' so, you see, afther much more o' their blarneyin', I was towld that we two crathurs o' faymales (that's you and myself, darlint!) would be packed off at screech o' day in the schooner wid Dan Connell to foreign parts; an' that in a strange land beyant saa we'd have lashins o' money from time to time, an' a nate purty house to cover our heads, in which you'd be brought up a right thrue Roman,\* till such time as the Masther would trate us back to ould Ireland! An' faix, 'tis but justice to say that wid all their sins an' quare doings they sent us the yellow boys in

\* Roman Catholic.

saison, an' 'tis happy enough, dear knows! we wor in our own doat iv a weeny place, which the darlint Martchioness made as good as a fairy land inside an' out, to say nothin' o' the beautiful harp an' guitar, an' oceans o' books in all the tongues of Babel, that she gave ye. An' for that same bright grassy spot, wid its wildherness o' flowers, like fallen rainbows on airth, an' its owld green trees, and warm, soft sunshine, shure we had but a thrifle o' rint to pay! Thin, wasn't my own Star o' the world just as good as a residenter almost up at the grand castle of Tullibardine from the minute whin the Martchioness (pace be wid her!) saw ye by chance playin' on the bright green forenent our own little door, an' tuck sich a fancy to have ye for company for darlint Miss Edith, an' to tache ye the larnin' an' musicks, till ye know'd betther far nor the lady hersef? Thin, hadn't ye that dear crathur Miss O'Moore to bear ye sweet fondness each day o' your life, all one as a Shister (my curse on the villain who blasted that rosebud o' beauty!)? to say nothin' o' Lord Ogilvie, who for the last two years was so often up at the Castle, an' who, tho' a raal haro, had no more pride than a child; an'

may be 'twasn't his Lordship that, beyant the beyants, adored my own Eva, an' I'll be bail does so still, for that matther, wherever he is on the face o' the airth! An' now, *avourneen*! I've said my say, an' towld my sin, an' my sowl is the lighther!"

As Norah muttered these words, she passed one hand in a hurried manner over her brow, and then wreathed her long fingers together in earnest prayer, but with such noiseless action that the silence of the chamber was unbroken.

The storm of emotions which Eva Dillon, with amazing self-command, had restrained during the last half-hour, now burst forth in a convulsion of feeling, but after the first tumult of her agitation had passed away, she rallied her overwrought spirits into some degree of calmness, and convinced that a crisis had arrived which presented a great and extraordinary occasion for the necessity of action, she said in the lowest voice, but with a firmness that would have done honour to a character more matured by time and experience than her own,—“Thanks, more than words can tell, dear, kind, devoted Nurse! I *feel*, but must not even try to speak them; for now that I know all, it seems as if a voice from Heaven warns me

that our only chance of safety lies in speedily escaping from this place of wretched memories! Ay, this night, if it were possible! How strange, how mysterious was the emotion that crept over me when I stood in the centre of that great old hall! *Now* it would almost seem as if the spirits of my ancestors crowded, phantom-like, around me there! One of them—the dearest!—might at least have looked from heaven on her deserted child, and I have *felt* her invisible presence.”

“Thru for ye, sweet child,” whispered Norah in assent, and springing upon her feet; “but how could we ever”——

At this moment the moon, which had long been overcast, became completely obscured, while the dead calm we formerly mentioned, and which sometimes is the precursor of a tempest, was broken by the crash and fall of a mighty thunderbolt directly above the Castle of Ardea.

“The Saints purtect us! what’s *that*?” cried Norah, crossing herself in terrified amazement; while Eva, equally alarmed, and starting to her feet, rushed into the outer room, without power to answer the question, and clasped her hands in mental prayer. At

the same instant, a guttural voice, attempting steadiness in its accents, exclaimed, in the adjacent chamber,—“Och! thin, bad cess to ye for a candle! to tumble down topsy-turvy in that sort iv a way, laving a Christin man in the dark, because, all unknownst, he strikes his arum agin yees whin started out iv his sleep by a hullabloo would wake up the dead. Murdher! Murdher! Is there no one to gim me a light? Och! Masther *Tongue Arrigud eroo!* eute as ye are wid your larnin’, ye can’t tache a body to see in the dark, so at laste have the manners to hand me a tallow boy!” shouted the Rapparee, as he stumbled through his room in search of the door, while, from the tone of his voice, and his reeling gait, it was evident he had been indulging largely in anti-temperance principles,—a circumstance which probably contributed to his temporary oblivion of the vicinity of his prisoners.

“Whist! Whist! be azy, darlint,” said Norah, rushing to Eva, who was going to speak. Not a word for your life! but just stale back to the inside room agin, an’ bring out our two long purple cloaks wid the hoods, an’ thin keep out iv sight in that far-

off corner, till I beckon ye to come behind me, an' thin if I don't put my *comether*\* on that tipsy limb o' the Divil, may be my name ain't Norah."

Implicitly trusting to her Nurse's sagacity, Eva Dillon softly retired to the inner chamber, and, bringing instantly the two large mantles, took the concealed position her Nurse had enjoined. The previous moment Norah had carefully screened their candle, so that scarcely a ray could pierce through the crevices of the door, and then with the other knocking vehemently at it, she screamed out—

"Och! thin, you born *gomeril* an' big blackguard! what upon airth are ye stamping about on your two crubeens in that sort iv a way for, wakin' an' frightin' two dacent faymales from undher the blankets, sich a thunderin' night? What's the murdher now I say, an' bad cess to ye?"

"Whisha, 'tis myself that forgot yees intirely, Maram Norah—bad manners it was, shure enough—an' I went sliddherin' an' bawlin' to Misther Murty below there, seeing my own little rush is gone to the cradle o'

\* *i. e.* If I don't deceive.

Moses! I'll be bound 'tis sound asleep the Schoolmasther is this blessed minute—as sound as the rock o' Cashel, thanks to the raal *potheen*—an' 'ill niver come near me, the dirty cur! Arrah, Norah dear, won't yees open your door an' give out a light, if ye plaze, whether ye have one or no?"

"Open the door! *Ethen*, Misther Rapparee, honey! don't be makin' a fool o' yourself an' me too intirely. Shure, 'tis well ye know the kay is outside; an' that if ye can't find the way to your mouth in the dark, why, all ye have for it is jist quitely t' unlock the door, an' thin, wid all the pleasure in life, won't I lend you the loan iv our iligant light in a jiffy, an' much good may it do ye!"

"It's mighty surprisin' I niver thought o' that afore; but how will I find my way to ye, Misthress Norah?"

"Och, thin, if that ain't a quare quistion, an' a mighty quare one too, for an *Irishman* to ax, as ever I hard in my born days. Throth, 'tis more *gumsha* nor that I gave ye credit for, Misther Rapparee. To ax *how* to find a daughther o' Eve! Faix, it flogs Banagher!" whispered Norah in an affected titter.

"Arrah, thin, don't be keepin' me waitin' an' foolin', but jist gim me the light at wanst, or the curse o' Cromwell be on ye!" cried the petitioner, losing patience and temper at delay.

"But how 'ill I find my way to ye, Misther Rapparee?" chuckled Norah, with comic mimicry repeating his former question. "Och, 'tis a dhroll thing in airnest how ye want me to open my door, tho' ye have the kay, or else to walk through stone walls to your beautiful sef, as if the divil run a huntin' wid me." Here another burst of thunder interrupted the stream of Norah's eloquence.

"Tundher-a-noons! Ah, you darlin' ould jade, be azy now, an' gim me the tallow-boy, if 'twas only to let me see your bright eyes, an' the big black bottle that 'ill take the cowl'd out o' my heart that's down in my brogue, this divil iv a night—there's a dear."

"So that's the way wid ye, is it? Och thin, since ye're so polite, Sir, shure in dacent manners I couldn't deny\* ye; so jist wait a minnit till I get at the rush that's burnin' in our bit iv a closet quite conva-

\* Refuse.

nient; an' thin I'll putt it cheek by jowl wid the kayhole to lighten your peepers, an' thin may be you'll find your way to me, ould as I am, an' allow that I'm fit to howld a candle to the likes o' ye an' your friend the black dioul, anyhow!"

"Make haste thin, an' stop your jaw, an' good luck to ye!" bawled the Rapparee, giving a ponderous kick to the door he had just accidentally reached, but which resisted all his efforts to open it.

"Wisha! the dickins take ye, have patience while I go for the light," returned Norah, who had purposely prolonged the preceding dialogue in order to gain time to muffle Eva and herself in their large dark cloaks and hoods, which having done, she, with almost magical celerity, secured and secreted a few necessaries in a small basket, now hid beneath her mantle, while, breathless with haste, she exclaimed,

"Shure if that baste iv a shelf where I putt the candle isn't as high as the Hill o' Howth! Faix, I thought I'd niver get at it at all, at all! Here now, here 's the light at last," she added, holding it to the keyhole, having first screened the trembling Eva, who,

silently comprehending her intention, stood directly behind her ; “ an’, Mither Rapparee, you’ve nothin’ to do but to turn the kay to the right. Och, that’s iligant,” cried Norah, as the door flew open, “ an’ here’s the candle, you jewel iv a boy,” she added, as holding it out to the Rapparee she contrived at the instant he took it to give a sly whiff which extinguished the light.

To glide noiselessly by the more than half-intoxicated man and to gain the turret stair occupied scarcely an instant. Eva Dillon and her Nurse flew rather than ran down the steps, and, ere their former guard had half recovered his surprise or his senses, the agitated pair had reached a subterranean passage leading to the sea, which Norah well remembered having traversed with Dan Connell, when by order of Murty Oge she secretly left the castle years before. This passage now gave egress to herself and the lovely girl, who had then been, to use the faithful Nurse’s phraseology, “ a weeny bit iv a babby at her own thrue breast.”

## CHAPTER XI.

—“ What anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods !  
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death !  
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word.”—ADDISON.

A LOVELIER morning never rose than that which was destined for the murder of the unfortunate Mr. Puxley, and never did an autumnal sun shed its beams on a sublimer landscape than that which was selected as the ground for its perpetration.

The celebrated cataract which, collected from different springs, forms a large lake close to the broad, bare head of the lofty and almost perpendicular mountain miscalled “Hungry *Hill*,” was, in consequence of the violence of recent rains, swollen to the fullest force. The prospect from the summit of this extraordinary mountain is extremely remarkable and extensive. The whole of the magnificent Bay of Bantry can

be seen from it, mapped out, as it were, with every creek and estuary; and beyond its eastern boundaries of mountains, Cape Clear and a large portion of the southern coast of Ireland are visible, while in the opposite direction Kenmare River and the splendid Kerry Mountains open to view, and complete the romantic beauty of the landscape.

The singular cascades of Hungry Hill shoot through an extraordinary natural groove which divides a colossal rock on the top of the upper fall, and then rush down the precipice in a splendid sheet of water more than ten yards in breadth. This expands as it leaps onwards, until, bursting against a mass of stone midway down the steep, the waters, from the velocity of their fall and resistance to such a barrier, rise in volumes of vapour up a third portion of the mountain. While the sun's rays played over those mists in flashes so radiantly reflected as to produce the iris tints and forms of mimic rainbows, the visual deception was so great and the brilliance so intense, that it seemed as if unearthly light was flung abroad by some invisible agent, to render the effect upon the eye almost overpowering. From rock to rocks innumerable this remarkable

cataract dashes from its first natural terrace, till, having reached a second, its jets of water cascade in the form of arches so enormous that herds of goats feed tranquilly beneath them.

Shooting along the minor declivities of Hungry Hill, those stupendous streams roll on through scenes of awful beauty, till they mingle with the wide blue expanse of the Bay of Bantry.

Mountains of gigantic elevation guard that celebrated harbour from the western storms, and within one of their most enchanting recesses lies the exquisite valley of Glengariff. Its verdant embowered glen clothed with flowering arbutus, holly, birch, and a thousand deciduous trees that grow, as it were, out of the clefts of the rocks in unpruned luxuriance, present the loveliest contrast to the surrounding bold and craggy mountains.

Seven hundred yards above the level of the bay, Hungry Hill, with its stupendous cataract, is visible from Bearhaven,\* though fourteen miles distant from that locality.

\* "Bearhaven," writes Mr. Weld, "was formerly defended by a strong castle, and was a place of no small importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Irish chieftains

The Gnoul mountain, with its narrow gap and splintered peak—the Esk, and a long chain of noble crags, which, as the traveller winds on his way, burst every moment into sight in endless combinations of novelty, immensity, and beauty, oppose in strong relief the luxuriant vegetation and widely-stretching woods that clothe the eastern side of Bantry Bay. Its fine indentations concentrate the harbour of Glengariff into a form so perfect, and so depressed at the base of the mountains, that it looks like a small silver lake beneath you, though in reality of considerable size. All this, and much more than pen or pencil can depict, render the scene we have attempted to describe a masterpiece of Nature, scarcely surpassed among the lovely combinations which, with no unsparing hand, she scatters over earth. And yet, alas! even in such a spot the demon of Sin was abroad to abuse the gifts of God by converting this majestic creation into an arena for human blood.

maintained a frequent intercourse with Spain. The town stands in a convenient and pleasing position, on the banks of a small inlet of the sea. The only objects of peculiarity here seemed to be the tombs in the churchyard, which were of a pyramidal form.”

The silence was so breathless, that the stirring of a leaf would meet the ear. A herd of goats, browsing peacefully among the heather, looked, listened, and then started forward like frightened deer as the boughs of a magnificent tree were cautiously pushed aside by some one breaking on their solitude. The O'Sullivan, with two silver-hilted pistols in his belt and a large cutlass at his side, emerged from the shadows accompanied by Dan Connell and a few of his armed Pirates.

"The Exciseman ought to pass down yonder path," said The O'Sullivan, deliberately pointing to one which led to the winding road that conducted to the village church of Bearhaven. "On, boys! On! Follow me to the Great Rock, behind which we must lie in ambush till he comes. But mark me," he added, turning sharply round and addressing his followers in his most peremptory tone, "he who stirs one inch to defraud me of my vengeance, or to aid me in it, dies by this hand!" stretching it forth as he uttered this ferocious threat, and gnashing his teeth in suspended rage. Then, after a momentary pause, he said in a hoarse tone,—

"My brave Sea-rovers! I only brought

you here to act in case that Puxley's cursed gang appear. Cleave *their* skulls and welcome if they attack us!—but leave HIM to me!”

“*We will!*” fiercely ejaculated the Buccaneers as if with one voice, and signing the Cross.

“Then follow me!”

The command was obeyed in perfect silence, and without the utterance of another word the party proceeded until they reached the perpendicular rock indicated by their Chief. This rock in a single shaft shot upwards to the elevation of many feet, a little to the right of a very broad slab of table-land that stretched to the verge of a frightful declivity, clothed with tangled shrubs, and which slanted to a wooded hollow of profound depth below.

At the extremity of the level ground that intervened between the stone shaft and the precipice, one of the most singular of the many picturesque shapes with which this region of crags, clouds, and waters abound, presented itself. An enormous mass of dark grey rock enclosed, like a barrier, that side of the table-land which lay towards the sea,

and so closely as to leave only a narrow path to wind round the projecting shoulder of the adjacent mountain. This towering eminence not only shut in the area we have described, but curved downwards to the edge of the dark cleft below, and in such a fantastic shape, that when the eye looked through the aperture thus formed as through a sort of natural telescope, nothing caught it but the dark blue sky beyond, and a small portion of the mountains in perspective. Such was the singular locality through which Mr. Puxley was obliged to pass, if, as was supposed, he visited the house of God on this particular day; and, as the Irish Buccaneers crouched behind the lofty shaft, where in obedience to their chief they were to lie in ambush, each man held his formidable cutlass ready for action, but without giving utterance to the thoughts of blood that filled his heart.

The O'Sullivan placed himself so that his keen eye could espy the object of his meditated vengeance the moment he appeared, and scarcely had he done so when at some distance Mr. Puxley, alone and on horseback, was seen slowly descending the moun-

tain-path through a woody ravine, about three miles from the church to which he was wending his way to prayer.

“The Exciseman is alone. At your peril lie concealed, and stir not an inch. No—not if you saw me weltering in my blood!” whispered The O’Sullivan deliberately to his men. On hearing those words, the Pirates seemed disposed to parley; but a glance at their Chieftain told it would be vain, and, in displeased and disappointed silence, each man kissed his cutlass, and signed the Cross, in token of acquiescence.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd  
Than executed,"

ADDISON.

" 'Tis fix'd—  
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the pow'r  
Of gods or men to save thee!"

LEE.

"Here 's blood—  
Here 's blood and murder!"

CATO.

"Oh, my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace  
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face."

BYRON.

MEANWHILE, the unconscious object of such accumulated hatred advanced at a slow pace, and seemingly absorbed in thought.

The O'Sullivan by a violent effort restrained his impatience until Mr. Puxley neared the place of his concealment, when, wildly rushing from behind the shaft of rock,

he uttered one fearful curse, and stood—a pistol in each hand—right before his victim.

So startling was the abruptness of this act that Puxley's horse reared and threw his master; then, flying as if on the wings of the wind, the affrighted animal galloped furiously away, striking fire with his hoofs from the rocks that hemmed in his narrow path.

Mr. Puxley leaped to his feet unhurt.

"Villain! would you attack an unarmed man?" he asked, with unflinching self-possession.

"By the soul of my father—No!" shouted The O'Sullivan, thrusting one of the loaded pistols into Puxley's hand; "And now, liar, defend yourself, or meet the death you've worked for and deserved so long!"

With those words he started back a few paces—raised his pistol—and, with steady and determined aim, ejaculated,—  
"Fire!"

The suddenness of the act deprived the unfortunate Puxley of his usual self-command, and panic-struck, he failed to draw the trigger of the weapon he received.

It dropped, without discharging, to the ground, unknown to The O'Sullivan, who fired, and shot his victim through the heart!

The next moment he fell dead without a groan at the feet of his murderer!

The Chief rushed forward and bent over the body. When thus leaning down, he ascertained that life had fled for ever, and saw that Puxley's pistol had never been aimed against himself, the flush of his face was succeeded by a livid hue—his glazed eye seemed starting from its socket, and the expression of his features became fearfully convulsed.

On the dark countenances of the Pirates who crowded round him, savage fury mingled with wild triumph was depicted, as they stood motionless gazing on the principal actor in the scene.

The O'Sullivan dropped his pistol, clasped his hands upon his forehead, and as in silence he looked down upon the bleeding corpse, it seemed as if a feeling of remorse entered his iron bosom. If it *did*, the effect was only momentary, for the next instant, turning with a steady and determined

air to his followers, he said in a low, hoarse voice—

“Speak not a word!—conceal the body behind the rock till midnight; *then* take it to the Hocker, and plunge it fathoms deep into the sea.”

As Dan Connell and the Buccaneers obeyed the first part of this order, and were in the act of drawing away the corpse, the discordant shriek of a bird of prey startled from its dark haunt was heard above the hills, and the next instant a body of armed men poured in through the natural arch we have described. This unexpected party appeared, from their position, more numerous than they actually were, and struck such astonishment though not dismay into the hearts of the Pirates, that for an instant they paused in their guilty task. At the same moment, the armed strangers turned abruptly round the corner of the rock which, as we have already mentioned, hung in a fantastic arch over the furthest end of the broad spot of table-land within some feet of the precipice beneath.

The road which lay between this singular screen of stone and the steep beside it was

almost instantaneously occupied to the verge by the unknown group. How many additional men were at the other side of the crag could only be conjectured, but the short space between it and the angle of the mountain was—as seen through the rocky arch—completely filled. All had passed with the rapidity of lightning, and, before the Irish Buccaneers could rally round and warn their Chief, who, wrapt in thought, stood sullen and apart upon the ground which reeked with Puxley's blood, Lord Ogilvie, with his band of armed men just landed at Bearhaven from aboard "*Le Vaillant*," surrounded him.

"Hah! Murderer—thus I arrest you!"—cried our hero, as with one glance of horror and amaze, comprehending the whole scene, he seized The O'Sullivan's shoulder with an iron gripe. The strength seemed almost superhuman with which the Pirate-Chieftain shook himself free from the mighty grasp, while drawing his cutlass and whirling it with a fearful sweep, so as to make two or three desperate cuts, he shouted forth;—

"So!—as the beagle tracks the hare,

thirsting for blood—ye dare me in my own mountain pass!—Have at ye *all!*” thundered The O’Sullivan as (seeing defence was useless against forces so superior to his own) he with effective vengeance dashed his blade at random amongst his foes, and, ere they suspected his intention, sprang down the precipice, which was so overgrown with brushwood, that no eye could penetrate its matted surface.

No step less practised than that of The O’Sullivan could tread the dangerous pass down which he had so suddenly disappeared, hid by the thick trees of that dark ravine.

Bullet after bullet was fired after him, with what success no man could tell; while the Pirates, endeavouring like their leader to escape, all parties engaged in a *mêlée* of broil and disorder which only served to stimulate the fury of the fight.

Dan Connell, with the rage of a madman, and so taken by surprise that for the first time in his life he fought without skill or method, flew at the throat of Ogilvie, as if a demon had entered into him. The thrust was parried, and after a short struggle for life or death Connell was secured.

"Put him in irons with our prisoners!" cried our hero to a body of his men, who with their united strength found it no easy matter to force the redoubted Pirate backwards; "and," he added, still more imperatively, "stop the women's horses in the rear until I can be with them."

Then turning round with his usual self-command, Lord Ogilvie once more stood his ground against the desperate ruffians, who, some trying to fly, others to assault, still made HIM the special object of their vengeance. Maddened at the capture of Dan Connell, and hoping to effect a diversion that might further his escape, the Irish Buccaneers struggled in different directions to make for the various mountain-passes which they knew so well—success attending them in some instances, death in others.

The ground, under such circumstances, was soon almost entirely cleared. Ogilvie, excited to the utmost, and whose impatience was intense to return to Edith O'Moore and the pseudo Algerine captive (the individuals about whom his order had been given), now rushed through the archway and round the shoulder of the mountain beyond. There

he beheld Dan Connell gazing in unspeakable amaze on William Sullivan! and so panic-struck at the unexpected sight, that he no longer resisted the efforts of Lord Ogilvie's men, as they forced him, manacled, to the side of his celebrated Clansman, who, also in irons, was surrounded by a guard.

Amid the intricate windings of the glen below, Ogilvie's quick eye espied at some distance the Holy Fathers of the Trinity, with Edith O'Moore and her female companion mounted on the horses hired for their use at Pantry, and environed by a small body-guard of his most trusty men on foot.

In obedience to a previous order from our hero, who wished to reconnoitre in advance, this little party had halted where they now stood. Two or three saddled horses, which, in case of an emergency, it had been deemed prudent to procure, chafed under the restraint imposed upon them by the men to whose care they had been consigned, thus seeming to participate in the alarm which the sound of distant shots created among the group.

With rapid steps, Lord Ogilvie descended

the sinuous rocky path which led to the deep hollow, surrounded by scowling mountains, in the middle of which his friends were stationed. He strained his vision, aching with anxiety, to ascertain that all in that quarter was tranquil. As he did so, the sound of a shrill whistle and the report of pistols fired in the direction of the party who engrossed his attention, filled him with such alarm for its safety, that he rushed at all risks down the tortuous pass.

At this critical moment, the horse of Edith O'Moore staggered and fell, as a bullet from an invisible assailant entered its side. At the same instant our hero, through the smoke and tumult, could but just distinguish two cloaked figures rushing from behind an adjacent rock, one of whom, regardless of danger, and as if smitten with lightning, threw itself over the prostrate body of Edith O'Moore, and shrieked aloud for

“MERCY!”

That voice—that head, from which the hood had fallen—could never be mistaken; and though the sudden apparition almost deprived him of his senses, Ogilvie, ere he

clasped her to his heart, had recognised his own, his idolized Eva!

The hills around echoed the discharges of several pistols issuing from the pirates, who, concealed from human ken, thus, even in the act of flying from their foes, took ambushed vengeance. The contents, however, passed harmlessly over the heads of the agitated group, and in a few moments all was once more comparatively silent.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of Earth in them than Heaven."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"A happier smile illumines each brow,  
With quicker spread each heart uncloses."

MOORE.

THE whole of the unexpected and energetic encounter we have just described occupied less time in action than it has taken in narration; and the chief personages of our drama were, one and all, so bewildered by its rapidity and strange coincidences, that it was long ere each could absolutely realize the truth of the scene or the change effected in their relative positions.

We shall not trespass on our reader's time by recounting the hair-breadth escapes through which Eva Dillon and her faithful Nurse had passed in safety, on their route to the memorable spot where, in amazement

which no words could paint, they beheld, from the cave they had just reached, the prostrate figure of Edith O'Moore, and the danger that assailed her from the random shots of the flying Buccaneers.

Neither shall we dwell on the heroic act of Eva Dillon in risking her existence in defence of her friend; nor yet on the amazement and the tide of strong emotions they mutually evinced at such an unexpected meeting, when, rising from the ground, they sprang into each other's arms, weeping such a passion of tears as only hearts like theirs could cause to fall; while Norah, with overpowering ejaculations, threw herself upon her knees, and wildly twined herself around them both.

Still less shall we attempt to describe the sensations of our heroine, when, clasped in the first moment of astonished recognition to the heaving breast of Ogilvie, he whispered, in a voice that quivered with condensed feeling, "Can I believe my senses?—Can it be SHE? Yes—yes—it is my own, my noble-hearted Eva!"

In the silence of that long embrace, life, danger, all the world were forgotten. Their young, pure hearts, stirred to the very depths,

were filled with happiness, which neither the sufferings of the past nor the dangers of the future could shadow for a moment.

Emotions such as those were not likely to find utterance. Silence was their most natural eloquence—breathings from the soul the best interpreter of their passionate devotion.

Who, indeed, that ever loved with that faith, all-sacrificing and divine—that idealizing principle which exalts humanity above the trite of life, and leads the soarings of the spirit to purity and truth,—could require *words* to express such emotions? No. Virtuous love is the faith and devotion of the heart, and its secret feelings ask no voice to reveal, no language to depict, the light of their intensity.

The glorious aspects of beauty and of grace, the brilliant dreams, the pictured thoughts which combine and harmonize within the lover's mind, scatter the germs of fancy and of feeling prodigally round him. Forms of happiness haunt his path, and even when dangers threaten it, bright visions of the future cheer him on. His heart clings to the belief that time will realize his

hopes. His worship, like some holy spell, preserves his affections from the blight of fickleness or falsehood, and, by its refining power, retains them from every species of debasement.

Love such as this is, indeed, a beautiful, a hallowed thing: so gentle, yet so strong—so passionate, yet so pure, it is exalted by the increase of its own power, and as deathless as the soul that nourished its existence into all that is sublime in the respondent harmonies of human nature. Nor does such an affection, rare and engrossing though it be, restrain the spirit within the current of its own emotions, so as to arrest it in the eddy of a chilling selfishness. On the contrary, a devoted heart has sympathy to spare for others, and can understand *their* joys or sorrows even while throwing the radiant hues of love over the object of its individual homage. Thus the comparison of similar emotions re-acts upon the principles of truth within us, and, like drawing by the agency of light, represents *the real* by invisible rays emitted from the lens of memory or reflected through the prism of feeling.

How different the passion at which our

pen has glanced from that which the mere libertine dignifies with the name of Love!—Of the “earth, earthy”—selfish in its nature, ignoble in its tendency, inconstant in its nature, the being who becomes its heartless votary lives only for himself in the fleeting fancies of the present, regardless of his duties as a Christian and a man, and equally indifferent to the agonies he may have caused his victims in the past, or of their hopeless misery in the future.

## CHAPTER XIV.

" This was the noblest Roman of them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

The elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world—"This was a *man*!"

SHAKESPEARE.

" Och hone! by the man in the moon,  
You taze me all ways."

SAMUEL LOVER.

" What fire is in my ears?—Can this be true?"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE recollection of the imperative points of duty yet to be performed soon restored Lord Ogilvie to his usual self-possession; and, as his friends witnessed his exertions in promoting the comfort and safety of the party for the remainder of their journey, they gradually followed his example in practising that degree of firmness and forbearance which was obviously the most praiseworthy line of conduct under existing circumstances.

When once, however, fairly *en route*, Eva, mounted on the steed which had previously been ridden by the female stranger, drew it close to the horse of Edith O'Moore; and thus placed beside each other, the devoted friends were enabled to indulge those confidential outpourings of the spirit which absence, and the extraordinary fatalities that had attended them since their separation at the Skeligs, rendered so delicious.

Their conversation was joined in by Lord Ogilvie at every moment he could command from the onerous duties that claimed his attention; and he soon gained a brief but imperfect sketch of all he longed so much to know. As they spoke in Italian, and in the lowest possible tone, there was little or no risk of their being understood by the persons surrounding them; therefore, they continued their revelations with perfect unreserve, and ever-increasing interest.

As the reader is acquainted with the relative adventures of the party in question, we shall not occupy time or patience by a recapitulation of them. We, therefore, content ourselves by simply stating that Norah, haunted by the remembrance of all the perils she had

passed with Eva during their flight from Ardea Castle, while proceeding to Cork, in order to seek protection from the law, waxed exceedingly wroth on finding that her present position not only prevented her giving an account of their dangerous wanderings through hill and dale to Eva's companions, but also deprived her of hearing the particulars of the escape of Edith from the Pirates' Cave. To the great annoyance of poor Norah, she had been condemned to ride a-breast with the *soi-disant* female captive from Algiers, at some distance from her Mistress, and her almost equally beloved Miss O'Moore, so that conversation with either was impracticable.

The wisdom of such an arrangement Nurse could by no means admit; and he little stock of patience being soon completely exhausted, she sharply exclaimed: "Why, thin, isn't it a crying shame to banish me here, cheek-by-jowl wid a stranger woman, not able to budge a peg, an' widout being let to have, in sich a droll\* buzziness, as much as a bit iv a chat to empty my heart wid my darlints, or even a word wid the Haro himse'f?"

\* Extraordinary.

"We have too many serious affairs on hand just now to think of lighter matters, my good and trusty Norah," said Lord Ogilvie, kindly patting her shoulder, as, *en passant* from giving some orders to the rear-guard, he heard her earnest vociferations. "We are all safe, as you see, thank God! and by-and-by we shall have talk enough. Meanwhile, I pray you, peace and silence if possible," he added with a faint smile, as he spurred his horse, and returned to head his party.

"By the Book!"\* cried Norah, slapping her hand on the horse, to the back of which she had been lifted, *volens volens*, behind a stout young soldier, whose waist she was compelled to grasp for support, "if that ain't beyant the beyants. Ethen, now, isn't it barbarians they are in airnest to be sticking me here behind you, ye great armed fire-ater! that I'm obleeged to embrace in this undacent manner to save me from fallin', while we're rampagin', an' romanchin', an' gallivantin' about the counthay in this quare way. Och! murther! ain't it enough to thrive me out

\* A common oath with the low Irish, meaning the Roman Catholic Mass-Book.

o' my sinses to do that same, let alone to see how I'm putt all o' one side, wid this strange wild hathen from forin parts, that looks as much man as woman," she added in rising wrath, and with an air of offended dignity, as she glanced contemptuously at the trousers and half-Turkish dress of the unknown female, which the parting of her long white cloak revealed, and who, placed in a position similar to her own, seemed so provokingly quiet, and lost in thought, as scarcely to heed the flow of Hibernian eloquence which fell from the lips of her indignant companion.

"It's no use to make all this noise, and to be throwing your eyes to the van-guard, for all orders must be strictly obeyed," bluntly ejaculated her equestrian guide.

"Thank'ee for nothin', Masther Jackanapes, and just keep your jaw\* an' advice, you *mod-houn*† o' the world, till they're axed for," returned Norah indignantly; and then (as many greater personages have done before and since) she fell into a fit of sullen silence, mistaking it for a powerful demonstration of dignified self-respect; a mood which, strange

\* Conversation.

† An idiot.

to say, lasted until the party reached their destination.

This was accomplished without further accident, and Lord Ogilvie, through his prompt instrumentality, had soon the happiness of seeing Eva, Edith, Norah, and the female who accompanied them, welcomed in amaze beyond expression by our old acquaintance Mrs. Sarsdale, to whose house he conducted them, in accordance with the plan he had previously arranged with his travelling-companions. Mrs. Dorothy's handsome villa-residence lay at some distance from Cork, for which city our hero (accompanied by the Fathers of the Trinity and the *ci-devant* captives) was bound, in order to deliver William Sullivan and Dan Connell into the hands of justice.

A few words gave the necessary explanations; and, as every instant was fraught with vital importance, Lord Ogilvie, exchanging hurried adieux, left all that was most dear to him beneath the hospitable roof to which he had been so safe a guide.

Resolving to surrender himself at once to Government as the well-known adherent of the exiled Stuarts, and to trust his own fate

to its future generosity, our hero journeyed rapidly onwards in order to secure the custody of William Sullivan and Dan Connell in the gaol of Cork, and to lodge informations in that city in regard to the assassination of Mr. Puxley, as well as on other subjects of nearly equal importance.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ How my heart,  
After long desolation, now unfolds  
Unto this new delight—to kiss thy hands,  
Thou dearest, dearest one of all the earth—  
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown  
On the void winds before !”

HEMANS.

“ Sisters in soul ! they hold their long and deep communion ;  
Mingled emotions gushing through their hearts.”

OLD PLAY.

“ Oh ! can such joy be mine ?—  
Am I indeed so blest ?”

SMITH.

It may be easily imagined that the astonishment of our old friend, Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale, was, as we have stated, perfectly unbounded at the sudden re-appearance of her niece, whose extraordinary fate the most strenuous exertions, public and private, had previously failed to elucidate. It would be vain to seek for words to describe the amaze and horror which filled her bewildered mind on learning the sad sequel to the history of Miss

O'Moore, with which the reader is already acquainted. Step after step of that wretched record was chronicled with misery and crime; and, as the good old lady wept over her niece's wrongs, or burst forth into passionate resolves for just, speedy, and public revenge upon their author, her whole soul seemed so absorbed in the one subject that it was some time before she could emancipate her thoughts sufficiently to inquire into the history of her other guests, or to ascertain the circumstances which led to their domiciliary visit. Lord Ogilvie, from the necessity for despatch in conveying his prisoners to the gaol of Cork, had been unable to utter more than a few hurried words, which could scarcely be called explanation, subsequently to his own introduction to Mrs. Sarsdale. Both our heroines were so agitated and exhausted that their attempts at relieving the good lady's garrulous anxieties and curiosity were only just sufficiently coherent to lead her to sympathize in their distresses, without enabling her to comprehend them as fully as it was natural she should desire. Impatient and irritated at not having all mysteries explained at once, Mrs. Dorothy,

with the somewhat petulant authority in which age is privileged to indulge, turned for all further explanation to Nurse Norah, who, in ecstasy at the appeal that unexpectedly restored the self-consequence which recent events, according to her estimate, had rather "shorn of its beams," instantly recovered the voluble powers which her injured dignity had cast into abeyance. Scarcely waiting to be questioned, she burst forth into her wonted flow of unsophisticated Irish eloquence, which, if it savoured too much of the defects incidental to that peculiar species of rhetoric, had at least the merit of partially assuaging the curiosity of her interested auditress. Norah was proceeding rapidly in her energetic narrations, heedless of the interjective "Oh my's!" "Ah now's!" and "Goodness me's!" which continually broke from the astonished Mrs. Sarsdale; when, casting her eyes accidentally on the pale cheeks and wearied faces of her beloved Eva and Edith, she insisted, in her undisputed authority of "dear old nurse," on their retiring to seek the rest they required so much.

To this Mrs. Dorothy consented, under the proviso that the moment they were settled

for repose, Norah should return to resume her wild and wonderful disclosures of the past. The objects of the Nurse's tender care very quickly released her from the duties of the chamber, during her performance of which Miss O'Moore gave the anxious and faithful creature a hasty sketch of her own providential escape from the Skeligs, and of the events that followed it.

The consequential step of the now self-satisfied Norah was still audible on the staircase without, when the two friends, beloved and beloved, rushed into each other's arms, panting to give utterance to the feelings which pressed and crowded round their hearts.

Eva Dillon was the first to speak. Earnestly looking upon Edith's cheek, from which the blood had almost completely fled, she released herself from the long embrace, and said with a deep-drawn sigh ;—

“My own, my dearest one, in our rapid ride, surrounded by observation, and not free from danger, we could only exchange brief narratives of the perils through which we have mutually passed since we parted at the memorable Skelig Rocks. Say then, have

you told me *all* that is most interesting about your precious self?"

The pale cheek of Edith flushed at this question; for a moment, her lips unclosed like those of one who pants for breath, while the hand that remained disengaged from Eva's clasp visibly trembled; but the next instant she seemed to recover her usual self-command, as, fixing her deep earnest eyes upon the sister of her heart, she said—

"I think, dear, I have told you the chief events of my deliverance from the Skeligs, and of the fearful battle on the sea, which ended in the capture of the wretched Sullivan. Matters subsequently occurred that may be of momentous import to the future; but, before I proceed to their details, say, have you told me all the extraordinary disclosures of Norah at Ardea Castle as respects your own mysterious history?"

"I am sure I have," responded Eva, quickly; "now then, give me the particulars I pant to know."

"Eva, dearest Eva!"——

"What ails you, Edith? What more has happened? Oh, tell me all!"

"Come nearer to me, darling," replied

Miss O'Moore, drawing Eva closer to her on the sofa where they sat, and twining one hand round her friend's waist, while with the other she parted the tresses on her noble brow, and affectionately kissed it, as she said—

“Did you remark with much attention the European woman who silently rode in the rear with Norah, and who, as I told you, had been doomed to slavery for years at Algiers, was released by ‘The Fathers of the Trinity,’ then captured on the seas by the atrocious William Sullivan, and subsequently saved with her companions from the burning ‘Death-Flag’ by Lord Ogilvie?”

“I cannot say that I remarked her beyond a passing glance,” returned Eva, simply; “my whole soul was so engrossed in hearing your adventures, and detailing mine, that I had neither time nor thought for any one on earth, excepting you and my own——”

Ere the name of Ogilvie was spoken, the blood had completely fled from Edith's face, and a spasmodic movement was perceptible in her throat, as she leaned back upon the sofa, and for a moment closed her eyes; but, in the next, she conquered her intense emotion, from

whatever source it sprang, and, allowing no time for Eva to express the alarm depicted on her features, she said with a faint smile as she upraised her head :

“Fear not, it was but a passing weakness ; I am in truth fatigued, and as you seem so too, sweet love, perhaps it would be better to postpone all further confidences till to-morrow.”

“On no account,” said Eva, eagerly ; “that is if *you* are equal to the relation *now*.”

“I am, fully ; what I have to say will task your tenderest feelings, Eva, though, if I conjecture rightly, the strange tidings I have heard will act auspiciously upon your future life.”

“Lead me, then, quickly from suspense to hope ; does what you have to say concern our beloved Lady Tullibardine ? Oh, speak ! Will you not ?—Edith, is this kind ?”

“I mean, at least, to be so, dearest,” replied Miss O’Moore, passing her hand rapidly across her brow. “And yet all that I have heard seems so like a bewildering dream, I scarcely know how to frame it into anything like a regular narration. What I

*have to tell, does concern our best friend the Marchioness, and, if I mistake not greatly, you too, sweet girl."*

Eva's eyes looked as if they would start from their sockets, as, riveting them in intense anxiety, she sat stooping forward, every feature fixed in an expression of devouring attention.

Making a great and visible effort to systematize her recollections, Miss O'Moore, after a short pause, said in hurried and irresolute accents,—

"If I do wrong in raising hopes that may be quite fallacious, dearest Eva, I know you will forgive me. Dispel, then, I entreat, all signs of agitation from your countenance, and prepare for a confidence in which I shall require your judgment to assist my own in deciding whether my suspicions be right or wrong. As you may suppose, the *ci-devant* female captive of Algiers has been constantly beside me since her rescue from the power of Sullivan; we met in mutual mystery and danger, under circumstances that naturally banished conventional distinctions, and led us into frequent conversations, which on her side gradually assumed a confidential

bearing. You will easily believe reserve as to the wretched past was strictly maintained by me: consequently, Jessie Campbell (such is this Scotchwoman's name) knows nothing of *my* history beyond what she has witnessed. With the fineness of perception, however, which in all ranks is so characteristic of our sex, she soon perceived that the subject of her constant inquiries created an interest in my mind which could have no common origin—that subject, Eva, was—*The O'Sullivans*."

Miss O'Moore paused, but receiving only a gesture of surprise and impatience too great to be expressed in words from Eva Dillon, she said,—

"Upon discovering that in some way or other my new companion was connected with the past history of The Q'Sullivan-Beare, I frankly told her that, being personally interested in, and knowing much of it, I was willing to assist the inquiries she confessed she was bent on making the moment she arrived in Ireland, provided that without any mental reservation she would confide the whole of what she knew to my discretion.

"Surprised and delighted beyond measure

at having thus unexpectedly secured an important ally, she immediately revealed to me the following facts ——”

Edith O'Moore again hesitated, and fixed a questioning glance upon her audittress.

“Go on—go on!” cried Eva, with a degree of impatience very foreign to her usual manner.

“I will. In January, 1732, Jessie Campbell was in Ireland, attending as a confidential servant on the Lady Janet Murray, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tullibardine, then on a visit to her cousin, the wife of a Field-officer in Cork, whose invitation she received in France, and had accepted at the urgent entreaties of her parents, who (the Marquis being attainted for having joined the insurrection in 1715) were, of course, compelled to remain in exile on the continent.”

“What!—Do you speak of the lamented child of our beloved friend?” eagerly demanded Eva Dillon, every feature beaming with intelligence and interest.

“The same,” replied Edith, making an evident effort to appear perfectly composed, as, drawing Eva still closer to her side,

she said ;—" Now, dear one, cease to interrupt, but listen as calmly as you can to all I have to tell."

"The Lady Janet, while making this visit, became acquainted with, and eventually loved, Dermond O'Sullivan, the then chief of Ardea Castle, and cousin to the present O'Sullivan-Beare, whose piratical practices he openly denounced, and to whose lawless character the honourable mind and conduct of the chieftain of Ardea presented a striking contrast. Despite of this, strange to say, he was much attached to the bold Chief of Ross Mac Owen, whom he frequently supplied with large sums of money, under promises of reformation that never were fulfilled."

"But Lady Janet — Lady Janet! what of *her*?" inquired Eva Dillon, in breathless anxiety.

"She, like a true woman, loved fondly, in despite of circumstances, and was as fondly loved again; she knew that her parents had fixed all their hopes for her upon a very different marriage, and that application for their consent to an alliance with the Chieftain of Ardea would be worse than useless. After severe and prolonged struggles with her

sense of filial duty, Lady Janet Murray at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of her lover, and, accompanied by a devoted female servant, fled with him to the most sequestered part of Glengariff, where their private marriage was solemnized by Father Syl, and witnessed only by the present O'Sullivan-Beare, Dan Connell, and the faithful Jessie Campbell, who resolved to share her Mistress's fortunes whether for good or ill. At this period, a litigation was pending about the Ardea property, attempts having been made to wrest it from the lawful possessor.

"Until the termination of this suit, peculiar circumstances rendered it absolutely indispensable that the marriage should be concealed from every human being, except the Priest who performed the nuptial rite, and those who witnessed it. The Lady Janet therefore felt compelled to submit to the sad step of simply writing a most touching letter to her parents, detailing the progress of her attachment and ultimate marriage, without revealing the name of her husband.

"In this letter, after supplicating forgiveness, she solemnly promised to communicate

every particular of her union with the man of her choice (whom she justly represented as in every way worthy of that distinction), the moment the formidable obstacles were removed which for a time prevented her revealing his name and station.

“This epistle, in the unbounded confidence with which the writer treated Jessie Campbell, was read to her before the latter, under every prudential precaution, and at the supplication of her Mistress, privately proceeded by sea to France, to convey the all-important packet to its destination.”

“But surely Lady Tullibardine never received it?—Surely—”

“Do not interrupt me, dearest, and you shall soon know all. The successes at that period of the Irish Buccaneers upon the seas so much excited the jealousy of the Algerines, that they meditated a descent on Ireland, and had actually sent out a vessel of observation to reconnoitre the coast.\* Accidentally meeting with the ship in which Jessie Campbell had embarked, they attacked and conquered her, taking all on board as prisoners to Algiers, where Lady Janet’s faithful servant

\* Historical.

consequently was detained for several years in sad captivity. At the expiration of a long dreary period of slavery she was released by the 'Fathers of the Trinity.' The vessel in which she sailed with her liberators for Ireland, under a determination to ascertain the fate of her still idolized Mistress, was in its turn encountered and captured on the Atlantic by the 'Death-Flag.' Her commander, William Sullivan, having stripped his conquest of all the valuables she possessed, set the Algerine schooner adrift, having first imprisoned her former crew in the holds of his own ship.

"Thence they burst forth to the astonished view of that of '*Le Vaillant*,' at the moment when '*The Death-Flag*' was fired, from which—as I briefly told you yesterday—they were rescued by the gallant intrepidity of Lord Ogilvie and his men. I have now narrated nearly all that I have heard from Jessie Campbell; but combining her communication with the fact we personally know of Lady Tullibardine's reluctance to speak at any length upon the subject of her departed daughter, we surely may conclude that the strenuous efforts which doubtless were made

to penetrate the mystery of her fate proved completely unsuccessful."

"On one occasion only!" gasped Eva, in great agitation, from a nascent suspicion so powerful as almost to impede her speech,—  
"I recollect her alluding in our presence, and as if involuntarily, to her daughter's death, which she said was communicated anonymously from Ireland, to Lord Tullibardine. And do you remember, Edith, how great was our surprise at then hearing for the first time that Lady Janet Murray died away from her parents and in that country?"

"Perfectly; and I also recollect that owing to the extreme agitation of the Marchioness, we refrained from inquiring in what part of Ireland the sad event took place, and that we mutually concluded it must have occurred in Dublin. Now, however, we know that such was not the case; and, from a comparison of the facts related to me by Jessie Campbell, I more than suspect that the present O'Sullivan-Beare, to forward some sinister scheme, may have written that anonymous letter to the Marquis months *before* the actual decease of Lady Janet Murray!"

"But may she not be yet alive? Oh,

how shall we discover all that I would die to know?" cried Eva Dillon, wringing her hands in an agony of agitation, and trembling like an aspen's leaf.

Her friend suddenly caught her to her breast. She felt Eva's heart beat against her own, as if it was bursting. In much alarm, and speaking in low accents which though distinct were articulated with great difficulty, she rapidly said,—

"I have only one more disclosure of Jessie's to reveal. Lady Janet, before she sent her maid to France (having from months of successful concealment lost all fear of discovery), acceded to the wishes of her husband in removing for her expected *accouchement* from her hidden retreat in Glengariff to the greater comforts of—*Ardea Castle*!"

The forced composure Miss O'Moore had assumed during the whole of this trying scene gave way as she tremulously pronounced those words; and, terrified at the increased workings of Eva Dillon's features, she swallowed down her own emotion, as she strained the convulsed form of her friend still closer in a watchful clasp, and thus prevented her from falling to the ground.

Eva's eyes, which hitherto had wandered here and there as if in a state of indecision and bewilderment, instantaneously fixed as though they would start from their sockets. Her nostril distended, her colour wavered, and it seemed as if life itself was making but a feeble stand, when suddenly her pale cheek flushed to crimson, torrents of tears gushed from her inflamed eyeballs, and in passionate accents gasping forth,—

“Right is my suspicion—she *was*—I *feel* she was—MY MOTHER !”

Eva, quite overpowered, sank almost senseless on the bosom of her friend, and lay in silence there, for though her lips moved rapidly as if in prayer, no sounds escaped them.

Edith for some moments could not speak. At length, placing her hand on Eva's temples as if to still their wild tumultuous throbs, she whispered in a voice of soothing tenderness,—

“Dear one, *I think so, too !*” Then, bending closely over her trembling friend, she whispered, ere she imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow,—

“Let me be the first to greet Eva O'Sul-

*livan*, the grand-daughter of our respected—long-loved Lady Tullibardine!”

“Oh, am I?—*can* I be truly such?” cried the agitated maiden—starting suddenly as if into new life at the idea, fire kindling in her eye, and the crimson blood flashing over neck and face as she stood up erect before her friend, and in proud and happy consciousness exclaimed,—

“And is my birth indeed as high and pure even as my love for Ogilvie? and may I now, without one drop of bitterness to mar my joy, be *his* for ever?—O God, I thank Thee!” she added in more subdued accents, so deeply touching that they seemed to issue from her very soul, while her lofty mien changing to that of humble gratitude, she sank upon her knees, and buried her face in the lap of her faithful friend.

When she next raised her head, the holy calmness of her countenance told that she had been in communion with her God; and, as Edith marked its angelic expression, a murmured thanksgiving passed her own lips. The voice that breathed it did not falter, yet it sounded so fearfully hollow, that Eva's attention was painfully arrested, and as she

marked the strange mixture of opposing feelings that were depicted on the working features of Edith O'Moore, she rose, and, flinging her arms round her neck, exclaimed,—

“Oh, you have been tasked beyond your strength, and I have been so absorbed in self that I have forgotten even—even *you*! Dearest, can you forgive me?”

Passionate feelings, from whatever source they sprang, came crowding on the trembling Edith too fast for speech, and threatened to choke her. Her breathing grew frightfully constrained, and, laying her hand to still the beatings of her heart, which were painfully apparent, she gasped in broken words, while a wretched smile gleamed on her corpse-like features,—

“My strength *is* quite exhausted.—Lay me on my bed, dear girl, and speak no more to-night.—To-morrow, we will talk to Jessie Campbell.—Meanwhile, calm yourself—hope not too much—and, above all things, breathe not a word of what has passed to any one at present, for remember our conjectures *may* be false! Until to-morrow then try to forget our dreams of happiness, or only remember them in sleep. And now, dear one, lay me

on my pillow, and assist me to my bed, for I have no strength to reach it unsupported."

As Edith, with great difficulty, uttered those words at long intervals, her white lips worked with the emotions of her heart. Eva, alarmed at such utter prostration of mind and body, silently obeyed her friend's injunction, and watched beside her couch in speechless anxiety, until the object of her tender care fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. Eva Dillon then retired to seek the repose which, overpowered by exhaustion, she required so much.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to his ears in blood."—SHAKESPEARE.

—— "A wretch is seen ;  
Some cursed him with Iscariot."  
THOMAS DAVIES.

SOME weeks had elapsed after the date of the busy scenes we have just portrayed, and the interest excited through the country at large was great in proportion to their importance.

In June, 1747, the British Government had passed an Act of Indemnity, granting a pardon to those who had been engaged in the rebellion in favour of the Stuarts, from which act of grace eighty individuals were excepted. Though Lord Ogilvie's name was indited on that awful list of proscription, the ban would doubtless, had he so wished, have been instantly repealed in consideration of his gallant conduct at the Naval battle that terminated in the destruction of the

formidable 'Death-Flag'—his intrepidity at the scene of the murder of Mr. Puxley—the restoration of Miss O'Moore to her family and friends through his instrumentality—his capture of William Sullivan and Dan Connell—the nobility of his voluntary self-surrender to Government, and the importance of the depositions he had made in the proper quarter. The applause bestowed by the highest authorities in the realm on such chivalrous exploits was unanimous, and a public testimonial was tendered, in the most delicate and respectful manner, to Lord Ogilvie. It was, however, politely declined by his Lordship, who, ever incapable of dissimulation, took that opportunity to avow that his political sentiments and devotion to the house of Stuart being perfectly unchanged, he held himself a free agent, as unshackled as ever in thought and action. Agreeing that it was wisest to take no notice of this open declaration, the Government (having first repealed every political restriction against Lord Ogilvie) bent all its energies towards crushing the now comparatively small remnant of the Hibernian insurgents. It was, indeed, high time to quell the dangerous confederacy of the Irish Buccaneers,

whose general character and designs had been so fully demonstrated in the recent murder of Mr. Puxley by their audacious Chief and leader.

As a primary step, William Sullivan was lodged in the gaol of Cork to stand his trial at the approaching assizes of that city, and Walter Fitzmorris, a magistrate of the County, was ordered to Iveragh with a large party of soldiers, in order to effect the arrest of the notorious O'Sullivan-Beare. A large price was instantly set upon the head of that formidable insurgent, in consequence of which he had taken refuge with his retainers in the wilds of Iveragh, in the West.

Lord Ogilvie, though burning with anxiety to return to Sarsdale Villa, yet was compelled to defer his happy re-union with the beloved of his heart a short time longer, owing to the multiplicity of business in which he found himself involved in consequence of the disclosures he had made to Government, and which still required his personal presence for the management of their results.

I-vera, or Aoi-vera, was originally the name of Bearehaven ; *Aoi*, or *I*, signifying in Irish an island. The extensive waste forming part of its wide-spreading lands legiti-

mately belonged to The O'Sullivans in those by-gone days when they ruled the district for many centuries. Though forfeited at various periods, they still maintained possession of thousands of acres, peopled by an able-bodied tenantry, with whom rights of prescription ranked higher than those of law, and who voluntarily yielded privileges of feudality which the statute-book refused to recognise. Thus their power and influence were so great, that in point of fact they were still Sovereigns of the vast tract, where they carried on piratical and other lawless practices, with audacious success, though in defiance of the established Government of the country. The history, indeed, of the chief actors in our narrative, and that of their Clansmen, down to the commencement of the present century, records a picture of barbarism, tyranny, oppression, and plunder, seldom paralleled even in a country so fertile in such lamentable annals as Ireland.

To the enlightened reader it must appear extraordinary that, notwithstanding the well-known character of The O'Sullivan-Beare, and the mal-practices of which he had so long been justly suspected, he was yet a

Magistrate of the county, though he did not possess one acre of ground in fee simple ! \*

He had boldly declared that in accepting that office he performed an act of the greatest condescension, for that with the honorary sovereignty still attached to him, and the feudal devotion of his clansmen, he considered himself nearly as much a prince as any of his numerous-recorded ancestors. Under those circumstances, strange must have been the principle that elected him to the office we have named. Such, however, was the fact; and thus the popular power which his retainers considered the hereditary privilege of his ancient race was to a certain extent connived at, if not fostered, by the Government against which its attacks were uniformly directed. Whether this arose from the policy of a penetrating, or the weakness of an imbecile legislation, we pause not to inquire. But to whatever source such passive conduct in the then administration of Ireland might be justly attributed, it could no longer be pursued, as the murder of Mr. Puxley called for unsparing punishment and immediate exposure.

\* Fact.

The other misdeeds, real and imputed, of The O'Sullivan-Beare fell so far short of his recent crime, that they were comparatively forgotten in the general anxiety to avenge it. In the pursuit of this one object, a storm of popular indignation burst forth upon the perpetrator with a sudden violence for which he was not prepared. The civil and military authorities were consequently on the alert for his immediate apprehension, as well as for that of all persons privy to the horrid deed. For weeks their efforts to attain this object had been unsuccessful, but private information from what had been deemed an authentic source determined Fitzmorris to proceed with a large body of soldiers to the peninsula which forms the Baronies of Bear and Bantry, it having been confidently stated that the Irish insurgent had adjourned there with several of his most powerful and devoted adherents.

This peninsula projects into the Atlantic Ocean to a distance of forty miles. It is, in fact, a continuation of a chain of mountains that run from Macroom and end near Dursey Island, which is only separated from the mainland by a narrow but deep channel,

through which an impetuous current rushes. On this mainland, which terminates abruptly, a junior branch of the O'Sullivan family has resided time immemorial, at a place called Garanish.\* This place had been for many years noted for smuggling, and at the period of our tale was inaccessible, except by boat, or on the back of a mountain-pony accustomed to clamber over precipices, or to struggle through bogs, thirty miles of pathway presenting equal difficulties.

Having with infinite fatigue vainly scoured this wild district, Fitzmorris resolved to proceed four miles higher up, to a harbour called Lahanabeg, which was the last hold of the Spaniards in Ireland, and where in former days they had a fishing establishment of some consequence. So frequent, indeed, was the then intercourse between the Emerald Isle and the land of the Hidalgos, that to this hour there is a saying current among the lower Irish in the locality of which we speak—"Lend me your cloak, it is only to go to *Spain* and back again!"

The patience of the magistrate and that

\* The possessor is called Jerry *Garanish*, to distinguish him from other Jerrys of his connection.

of his military escort was nearly exhausted when, after an arduous search through the region of Garanish, they again failed in the object of their search. Almost despairing of success, they were on the point of retracing their route, when suddenly a ruffian-like man sprang round the angle of an adjacent mountain, and fixed his eyes, gleaming with some sinister purpose, full on the face of Walter Fitzmorris, while, darting to his side, he whispered a request to speak a few important words beyond the hearing of the soldiers.

The Magistrate shook himself free from the hold this stranger had taken of his arm, and made a step backward, as he sternly said—

“Fellow, speak out! Nothing you have to say to me can need concealment.”

The man shook his head without reply, and again springing close to Fitzmorris, he hissed into his ear,

“I’m ready to turn King’s evidence and bethray *him* y’re sarching for—The O’Sullivan-Beare—into your clutches!”

“Hah!” said the magistrate, scowling a look of suspicion,—“and pray who are *you*?”

he added after a pause of some minutes, and in an under tone.

"Misther Scully—at your sarvice!—now the retainer of Murty Oge O'Sullivan, but able an' willin' to let you and your Sassenachs into the Lion's din, if well rewarded for the bloody work," retorted the scoundrel from between his set teeth while quickly he brought a huge cutlass, concealed beneath his "wrap-rascal"—as the cloaks of the lower Irish were then called—to the level of the Magistrate's side, at the same time dexterously hiding the gleaming blade from the military, who were somewhat in advance, while he muttered in a deeper voice, and with a powerful aspiration, "I promise *that* an' anything—everything if you thrate me well. If *not*—by the sowl of my father you're a dead man!"

Without hesitation, Fitzmorris signified his readiness to receive the proffered evidence, and after a brief parley, during which the informer's conditions were accepted, Scully communicated the retreat of The O'Sullivan, and declared his readiness to admit the soldiers there, by treachery, that night.

This promise was sealed by a solemn oath,

and, making the sign of the Cross with his cutlass in token of the contract, he again concealed it within the folds of his "wrap-rascal." Then, giving brief but comprehensive directions for the most speedy and practicable route to Quolagh, a residence of The O'Sullivans, where he stated that their Chief, wearied of lurking in more secret places, had taken refuge with his Clansmen, Scully whispered to Fitzmorris the necessity of gaining it ere his own absence woke suspicion.

No sooner were those words breathed, than, with the agility of a hare, the ruffian darted up a path that wound along a dark chasm, which no foot less practised than his own could possibly have trod, and almost instantly disappeared among the sinuosities of the opposite range of mountains.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“The watch was set, the night-round made—  
All mandates issued and obeyed.  
Few hours remain, and he hath need  
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
Of slaughter.”—LORD BYRON.

THE whole of the scene recorded in the last chapter had taken less time to enact than it has done to describe ; and when Walter Fitzmorris announced to the military that, at length, he had discovered the retreat of the redoubted Chieftain, a shout of triumph testified their eagerness to reach it without questioning or delay. The men therefore, having got their orders, moved onwards to the scene of action, stepping out in as gallant style as a tiresome succession of steep ascents, extensive bogs, and mountain-paths permitted. Having forced their way for many miles through toilsome and often dangerous difficulties, the retreat of The O’Sullivan-Beare appeared in sight as the soldiers

suddenly turned round the projection of a huge mountain, hung with luxuriant forest trees.

An aspect of even unusual solitude surrounded the old house of Quolagh, which, though distinctly visible, still lay at a little distance from the party, who halted by order of their commanding officer.

It was the hour for the setting of the sun, which in indescribable glory was gradually sinking down, amid a gorgeous world of gold and crimson. The slanting rays were caught and reflected by an enormous cataract, and, as violent rains had recently fallen, the mass of its waters resounded like thunder, even at a distance.

The old castellated house of Quolagh was of the rudest form of architecture, and massive in structure. One quadrangular turret still remained, with a portion of ivy-clad battlements, which formerly had connected it with another, since fallen, and the exceeding beauty of its peculiar situation rendered it an object of no ordinary interest. The building was partially fortified, so that an obstinate defence might be expected. A paved main court of considerable extent, sur-

rounded by cloisters, lay in front of the house, in the centre of which stood a very high and ancient Gothic cross. The walls that enclosed this square, though somewhat dilapidated, were by no means weak; and under a fine old arch, a strong oaken door, thickly knobbed with huge iron nails, presented itself in a line with another exactly similar, which, on the opposite side of the main yard, gave access to the mansion. Nearly the whole of this most antiquated edifice was covered with ivy. It stood in a small and narrow valley, flanked by a range of splendid mountains, piled one upon another, till their cragged outlines seemed to touch the brilliant clouds, now tinted with the thousand colours of the setting sun.

The dell opened out from the sides of the old building, gradually becoming more and more extensive as it sloped towards the spot where the party remained almost immovable and screened from observation, as they watched the pageant of the heavens fade away. At first, the eye perceived no outlet to the stretch the vale afforded, excepting that which the military had just passed; for

huge rocks interspersed among oaks, birch, and fir, not only girded the back of the house, in a manner which appeared to allow no egress from it, but protruded from either side in a sort of semi-circle, here and there so broken into detached masses that it was only through vistas thus formed that glimpses of The O'Sullivan's retreat could be caught.

Those outshots, as it were, of wood, rocks, and fairy knolls, tufted with gnarled oak, so profusely scattered over the valley, lent to the whole scene a very peculiar character, and would have served to screen the military most effectually, even had the inmates of Quolagh House been on the alert to watch the approach of enemies—a precaution which a false security on their part entirely prevented. Yet, though unperceived, there were many inlets to this solitary spot; and, while the sward receded to the bases of the stupendous mountains, its verdure was watered by a wandering stream, which, roaming through the valley, lent a graceful feature to its general aspect of wild sublimity.

The steps of the party were, as we have already stated, arrested as they gazed on this

singular place, and their senior officer, who had mused more on the fittest mode of action for a successful attack on The O'Sullivan-Beare than on his picturesque abode, now, after a short consultation with Fitzmorris, resolved to conceal his men cautiously among the trees and behind the ledge of rocks they had just passed. This precaution he justly calculated would allow them to rest and take refreshment until the midnight hour, which the recreant Scully had appointed as the most advisable for their projected enterprise.

The whole party then silently retreated to their selected shelter, which they reached without incurring observation. As midnight advanced, the soldiers, recruited by sleep and the refreshment they had carried in their wallets, became almost uncontrollably impatient to proceed to the attack. The moon had risen, but thick clouds, flitting through the sky, at times eclipsed her light, while at others it shone out brilliantly and revealed the glorious mountains, woods, and silver stream distinctly flinging the shadows of the rocks and knolls across the glen, until, to a poetical fancy, it might seem peopled with

mysterious shapes, as if the Spirits of mischief were indeed abroad.

The most obvious method for surprising the house was to proceed towards it as cautiously as possible, and orders having been given to that effect, the whole party at the whispered word of command stealthily advanced.

As if to favour their design, the luminary of the night at this moment veiled herself beneath a mantle of impervious clouds, and the few stars that remained to gleam throughout the sky afforded a faint, but sufficient light to guide the steps of men who, under stronger radiance, had previously decided on their line of march.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour  
That woke the echoes there,  
Loud voices high in anger  
Rise on the evening air."

IRISH BALLAD.

"Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"Come away ;  
The case of that high spirit now is cold."

SHAKESPEARE.

WITHOUT discovery the Magistrate and the Military reached the high arched entrance to the main court of Quolagh House, and halting there, the signal pre-concerted between Fitzmorris and his Informer, was warily given. As if by invisible hands, the large knobbed portal immediately and slowly opened.—Scully, skulking behind the ranks of the soldiers who silently poured into the

Court, pointed to the turret window of the chamber where The O'Sullivan slept, and then emphatically whispered :—

“ Whist !—brathe—stir not a fut till I get inside o' the house, where I'll do yit more to help yees, for by dad an' by dad, I've wetted the powdher iv all the pistols an' guns,\* an' signs on, they'll niver go off the whiff iv a pipe ! an' as to the boys that played Sintenels, why they're as good as stone dead, wid the stuff that I putt, unknownst to thim all, in their dhrink this blessed night.”

As Scully whispered those words, which, even at such a moment, were accompanied by the low chuckle of successful villany, he took a pass-key from his pocket, unlocked the door of the house, and leaving it open for the entrance of the soldiers, sprang up the stairs. The next moment he appeared half-dressed on the old battlements as if just startled from his sleep, and shouting, as he crossed and thumped his breast—

“ Allilu ! Allilu ! murder alive ! the army's down upon us ! Misther Morris an' the army ! ”

The cry was scarcely uttered when from all quarters The O'Sullivan's adherents rushed

\* Historical.

to the battlements; some, half-naked, had caught up their formidable cutlasses, but the majority having meant to go upon a secret enterprise at daybreak, had slept in their clothes, and now, full armed, sprang in fury to the scene of action.

For a moment, high above his Clansmen, The O'Sullivan-Beare appeared alone upon the lonely turret-top, the moon at the same instant shining brightly forth, as if to light him into view. He stopped but a second to gird on his cutlass and pistols; then flashing a tremendous broadsword above his head, he rushed to the battlements, now crowded with friends and foes; and thundering forth—"At, at them, boys! At them for life or death!" he attacked right and left, with such fell fury, that every stroke told with fatal effect. As but a small body of the military could clamber up the narrow staircase, by far the largest portion filled the main court-yard below, perceiving which, and seeing that the soldiers were in the act of taking deliberate aim, The O'Sullivan in a voice hoarse with rage ejaculated,—

"Fire the guns!—Fire on the Sassenachs, and welcome them with shot!"

Suiting the action to the word, he drew a pistol from his belt, and rapidly levelled it.

The attempted discharge was made in vain;—grinding his teeth in astonishment and fury, The O'Sullivan tried to fire another, but with equally bad success.

“There's treason in the House!” roared the baffled Chief, at once perceiving that neither his guns nor the pistols of his men could fire: “our pieces have been wetted by a traitor's hand!”—then uttering one fearful curse, while even his eyeless socket seemed to gleam in fury, he dashed his pistol to the earth, and resuming his broadsword, rushed to the thickest of the fight.

On hearing their Chieftain's words, there was a desperate cry for revenge from his followers, which was as furiously reiterated by the English soldiers, when, having discovered another staircase, they endeavoured to crowd in, inspired with fresh hope.

At the head of those steps The O'Sullivan-Bearé deliberately took his stand, attacking, with almost insane valour, the advancing foes, who were animated by a spirit as brave and daring as his own.

His faithful and undaunted Clansmen co-

vered the rear like a human wall, some facing and fighting the Military who had gained the battlements by the eastern stair, others turning towards and attacking the soldiers who had resolutely mounted the western one, thus forming two distinct divisions. They had just executed this movement when Scully escaped unobserved to the English magistrate, who stood in the main court, within the shelter of one of the low-browed arches of the cloisters, which, overshadowed by a spreading tree, concealed him from all other eyes than those of the Informer, while he watched the progress of the fight.

In few and rapid words Scully, as screened from view as his anxious auditor, suggested that the only chance of achieving the capture of The O'Sullivan alive (which was the grand object of the Government) consisted in forcing him to quit his house by firing it.

This, if Fitzmorris wished, the scoundrel undertook to do. The Magistrate instantly consented to the scheme, certain that nothing else could force The Chief from his present position, which, if once effected, he thought must be followed by his capture in

the main court, by the large body of soldiers that filled it.

Scully waited no further parley, but rushing, still unobserved, to a part of the house that was totally deserted, he fired the train he had previously laid.

Meanwhile, the redoubted Chief, firm, resolute, and desperate, not only maintained his perilous post, but repulsed his vigorous assailants with astonishing effect.

Whirling his broadsword round him with fearful sweeps, he had already cut down many of the foremost soldiers, who tried to force a passage up the narrow stair; but others still poured in, while the pistol shots aimed at Murty Oge had glided harmlessly by him and given death-wounds to several of his followers.

As he witnessed this, and heard of the carnage successfully carried on by the English soldiers on the western division of his men, The O'Sullivan's efforts became absolutely frantic.

A volley of curses mingled with the orders that flew from his foaming mouth, and the torches waving and flickering here and there by the inferiors of his household gave the

muscular breadth of The O'Sullivan's figure distinctly to the view, looking as something scarcely of this earth, so appalling was the concentrated rage that worked within.—Drawing his breath hard, the rugged features and blazing eye of the Irish Chief assumed the aspect of a demon.

Setting his teeth, as if steeled for a sudden master-stroke of vengeance, he threw himself slightly back to give gigantic force to the tiger-spring he meditated, when, at the same instant, smothering shrieks of "Fire! fire!" issued from all quarters. Cries of mingled rage and exultation succeeded, as columns of scarlet light rose high into the air, and small flames flashed through the fissures of the ancient house, and crawled like fiery snakes up its old walls, which trembled under the force of the explosion. The confusion of all parties, their faces as if bathed in one uniform flood of crimson light, while rushing to and fro through the flames like madmen, completed the wildness of the living picture. Amid its accumulated terrors, the firm, unyielding figure of The O'Sullivan-Bear was seen opposing thews and sinews to his foes; every muscle tightened to super-

human exertion as he shouted to his men to follow him while labouring to gain a low-arched door in the centre of the battlements. Victorious over all impediments, he reached, and forced it by a blow, dealt with too firm an intent to fail in its effect. He laughed a fierce laugh as the old door flew open and revealed a private flight of stone steps, so narrow that only a single man could possibly go down them.

With unflinching courage and determination, The O'Sullivan forced his faithful followers to escape the burning death awaiting them, by descending, one by one, this ancient stair, which gave access to the intricate windings of the mountain-paths behind his house. This last act of his lawless life, though it could not redeem its crimes, most strikingly illustrated his stern and daring character; for here, with the House of his Fathers burning round him—encompassed by foes, who even, while rushing from a frightful death, strove hard to capture him, or take his life—here The O'Sullivan-Beare, brave as a lion, and totally regardless of himself, forced on the escape of his Clansmen, standing his ground with

heroic self-possession, and without losing an inch of his advantage.

As apparently the last of his men sprang down the stair, the Chief, through his firmly set teeth, muttered a thanksgiving—for even HE could recognize a GOD! Within a briefer space than sufficed to draw another breath, three of his Clan, who loved him better than their lives, and who had lain concealed in order to be with him to the last, rushed round their Chieftain, and with prayers and gestures implored him to escape. At the self-same instant, the old turret of the burning house fell with a fearful crash, while clouds of lurid smoke rose far into the illuminated sky, and floated like a pall above the blazing ruin.

The O'Sullivan-Beare stood for one second looking steadily upwards at the fiery firmament, as if expecting that some sign would pass athwart it to foretell his fate. In the next, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, and more in the hope of saving their lives than his own, he rushed with them down the stair, and succeeded in gaining the rear of his house. There a high wall opposed his progress, but no obstacle could daunt the

spirit of the Chief, and calling to his followers to spring over it, he was in the act of doing so himself, when the contents of a pistol passed through his body, which leaped into the air, and the following instant, with a heavy sound, The O'Sullivan-Bearé dropped dead at the feet of his Clansmen !\*

With convulsive shrieks, those three brave friends crowded round to shield and to defend the body. Unaware that life had fled from their Chief for ever, they furiously attacked the British officer whose aim had been so fatally true ; but his Englishmen, through smoke and flame, rushed to his aid, and overpowered by numbers, two of the gallant Clansmen, after being desperately wounded, expired at the side of their Chieftain, while the third, in the act of hewing down a soldier, fell dead by the stroke of another, on the body of 'The O'Sullivan-Bearé !

All had passed with the quickness of lightning, and as rapid were the movements by which the corpse of the Chief was dragged from under that of his faithful Clansman, and borne to a distance from the tottering pile by soldiers, who, in expectation

\* Historical.

of a great reward, thus hazarded their lives at the most imminent peril.

Scarcely had this group gained a spot of comparative safety—previously reached by Fitzmorris and the remnant of the military—than the Old House of Quolagh fell with a fearful crash, the burning substances projected into the air, presenting one enormous mass of flame, which, with pillars of smoke, rose majestically upwards like a funeral pyre over the slaughtered remains of friends and foes.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done!”

SHAKSPEARE.

“When two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both!”

IDEM.

WE shall not occupy much of our reader's time in detailing the minor proceedings of the party who had been so signally victorious at Quolagh, nor in accompanying them on their route to Bearhaven.

Suffice it to say they reached that spot in perfect safety, and there acted with a brutality of vengeance which cast a foul stain on men who previously had demeaned themselves like gallant soldiers.

The following historical fact establishes the truth of our assertion. The body of The

O'Sullivan Beare—that once redoubted and formidable Chieftain—was tied to one of his own boats, and thus dragged through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, crimsoning with the blood of the Great Buccaneer that Ocean which had been the scene of exploits which struck terror into the hearts of the very men who now ferociously evinced such butcher-like revenge.\*

Our limits compel us to state briefly that on reaching Cork, the head of The O'Sullivan-Beare was, as a further indignity, instantly cut off, and spiked aloft upon the South gaol with those of two of his most gallant Clansmen, which were affixed at either side of it.

The naked body of the Chief was then cast with quicklime into a hole in the barrack-yard. For several years his skull, a frightful memento, which, even in death, looked as if uttering through clenched teeth the language of defiance, was suffered to remain exposed to public view†—a sad—most sad record of a history of crime, bravery, and bloodshed achieved amidst an inefficient administration of civil, religious, and political rights. To a reflective mind such a memorial pointed out

\* Historical.

† Fact.

not only the strong moral of individual delinquency and its consequent punishment, but the equally forcible one conveyed in the evils which inevitably result where the government of a country is only *partially* based on the principles of even-handed justice.

The effects of a bad system in any Kingdom shackle the power of its rulers, while entailing the most demoralizing effects upon the character of the people: thus proving that political fallacies invariably become the fertile sources of national corruption.

## CHAPTER XX.

“ And therein were a thousand tongues empight,  
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality.”

SPENSER.

“ Prodigious ! how the things protest—protest !”

POPE.

It was some time after the date of the events recently recorded that a set of babblers, seated in busy idleness round the tea-table of our old acquaintance Mrs. Chatterlie, were actively engaged in their discussion.

The lively widow was still in high preservation, and as she sat in conscious self-importance, the presiding goddess of the rites of Congo mysteries, she felt afloat in her natural element—the full tide of capital gossip, scandal, and practical jokes, styled, in the refined phraseology of her gabbling toterie, “rollicking fun.”

Scheme after scheme for the elevation of

Mrs. Chatterlie to the dignity of a second nuptials had been baffled by the unrelenting hand of fate ; and yet she still buoyantly pursued her main object, cheered by hope, and undaunted by disappointment. This was an instance of the moral sublime ; for various had been her defeats in the road to matrimony, and cruel the rebuffs by which her overtures to ungrateful man had been met. Notwithstanding those misfortunes, however, neither the spirits nor the *cacoëthes loquendi* of the buxom widow quailed ; and, as she glanced round her assembled *clique* with bright bold eyes, that seemed endowed with the power of perpetual motion, she exclaimed,

“ Well, if I ain’t the luckiest woman alive in having had the *gumsha*\* to refuse the everlasting proposals of that poor dear murdered Puxley ! Oh ! my friends” (here the widow applied her handkerchief to orbs which Shakspeare would have justly termed “ *speculative* instruments”), “ if you only knew how often he *did* pop the question ! and how—”

“ Fair and softly, Mrs. Chatterlie—fair and softly !” cried Admiral Colebrook, who had

\* Wisdom.

just dropped in, fixing his large cold eyes upon the widow, and puckering up his brows and eyelids with a very peculiar expression. "My poor departed friend had sins enough attributed to him by our well-beloved public, without your bringing him to the climax of absurdity in asserting that he—"

"You must excuse me, my good Sir, for interrupting you," retorted Mrs. Chatterlie, with unblushing effrontery; "but I really can't for the life of me make out why you *will* commit yourself sometimes by talking on subjects—I mean *tender* subjects—which you cannot properly understand, and in a sort of a way that I defy any man or woman to make head or tail of! Every word I say I could prove in black and white; but what's the use of talking about a poor man that's as dead as a herring? Faith, such a box of cold meat ain't the stuff for me! so just be aisy now, and tell us something about that fine darling fellow, Lord Ogilvie, who, they say, gave himself up in downright airnest to Government when he lodged informations against that limb o' the devil, The O'Sullivan-Beare, and that chip of the

old block his nephew Will; to say nothing of Dan Connell the big blackguard! Ah then, Admiral dear, will they have the heart to spike up that haro, Lord Ogilvie, on the top of Cork gaol, as they've done to the skull of the late would-be Earl o' Bearhaven?"

"It is neither intended to promote his Lordship to such an elevated position, nor to make him emulate that of Mahomet's coffin, though the exploit you allude to has drawn praise from every lip. Of course," added Colebrook, turning in disgust from the widow, though she had bitten her lips into enticing redness, and addressing a gentleman who stood beside him—"you have heard that the highest authorities of the Government are loud in their encomiums on Lord Ogilvie, whose fidelity to the exiled Stuarts is almost forgiven, if not forgotten, in consideration of his gallant conduct, and the importance of his late disclosures."

"Oh yes! His Lordship has justly reaped 'golden opinions from all sorts of men'—I mean *golden* metaphorically, for, as of course you are aware, he nobly declined any reward save that of his own conscience; and with

mental courage avows and continues his adherence to the political opinions which, through life, he has consistently maintained, and for which he has sacrificed so much."

"To my conception—*malgré* his erroneous devotion to the Exiled Family—Lord Ogilvie is an incomparable character: there is a spirit-stirring grandeur in the man which compels respect and admiration even from those who differ essentially from him on public questions"—rejoined the Admiral.

"I quite agree with you; and, if such be the effect on *us* true Hanoverian loyalists, we cannot wonder at the species of idolatry with which I am told his party and his friends regard Lord Ogilvie. Even Mrs. Sarsdale cries him up as a model of perfection. I understand he has just returned to her villa, where it seems he left some ladies, who, in the most romantic manner, he met and rescued from imminent danger, at the peril of his life."

"Ladies!—*what* ladies?" screamed a dozen female voices all at once.

"Pace. my darlings! pace! One at a

time if you plaze, an' thin, why I'll tell ye some news that bates all since the days of Noah!" cried our old friend Sir Phelim O'Borer, as, suddenly springing to his feet, and supporting his arms on the back of an old high-backed black leather chair, he gave an emphatic prefatory "Hem!" and looked the very personification of important mystery.

Of such a sieve-like nature, however, was the mind of the worthy baronet, that he scarcely waited for the expected solicitations which immediately assailed him, ere, actually dying to tell all he knew, and did *not* know, he proceeded to relieve himself, and the agony of curiosity that raged round him, as, waving his hand to command a cessation of the stray syllables, half-muttered exclamations, and confused sounds of his impatient auditory, he exclaimed:—

"Now, my dearees! what I'm going to tell ye is *such* a sacret—just heard from my ould friend Mrs. Sarsdale, who I left a minute ago, refusing to take tay out of her best chayney cups, for fear our beautiful widow" (bowing and looking very sly at

Mrs. Chatterlie) might be jealous—that by my sowl I can't revale it at all, at all, except ye gim me a kiss all round, and swear every one of ye to be as close as a pill-box."

"Ah then I'll be the fust to do that same!" cried the widow, starting to the side of the Baronet, and giving him a salute of the lips that resounded like a detonating ball—"There, take *that*—and *that*—and *that*, as payment, with interest for all!" she added, half stifling Sir Phe-lim by the velocity of her caresses, which were so ardent as to shake a cloud of powder from his new wig on the collar of his bright blue coat—"And now, my pet o' the house, and mouse o' the cupboard, leave off your long-winded rigma-roles, and just tell us your *sacret*, and be sure neither I nor one of my cronies will pache on our own Man of Wax!—will we now?"

"Not for the whole world wide!" screeched a discord of voices—"Irish all over!"

Though, if possible, more anxious to tell his "*sacret*" than his fair audience to

hear it, Sir Phelim still coquetted and procrastinated; but after a few seconds the inward throes of the oracle became too tremendous to bear further repression, and, emphatically seizing one streamer of the widow's "fly cap" in his extended hand, he exclaimed—

"Well then, dearees, who do you think one of the ladies at Dorothy's turns out to be?"

"Who? Who? Who?"

"Why, that beautiful crature her nace, Miss O'Moore, who that rascal Will Sullivan—that's now rammed into gaol, and will soon, plaze the pigs, be at the foot of the gallows—gallivanted away with from our elegant '*Drum*,' and could never be caught hould of by hook or by crook, till Lord Ogilvie nabbed him in foreign parts, to make him dance upon nothin' all up in the air in ould Ireland!"

"Now, darling O'Borer, are you at one of your tricks and riddle-me-rees, or are you for once in your life spaaking truth?" gasped the widow quite aghast, and slapping the Baronet with appalling force upon the shoulder.

"By the vartue o' my oath, I'm spaaking nothin' else!" bellowed Sir Phelim, losing

some of his self-importance as laughingly he was obliged to cry out for quarter from such a *striking* proof of the widow's incredulity. "Now be asy, my pet!" he added, rubbing the apex of his smarting member—"seeing there's more to come; for sure you hav'ent the half of the story yet—and as I was going to tell ye, Will Sullivan's to be thried for his life by Judge an' Jury for all his bowld doings with Miss Edith O'Moore; an' sure, while I was sitting quite cozy with my ould friend, Mistress Sarsdale, what should come in but a pretty bit of a summons for her nace to attend at the Coort House, in Cork, as witness agin that divil of a jail-bird, Will Sullivan!"

"What fun! what fun!" cried Mrs. Chatterlie, in an ecstasy of delight. "Now, Phelim dear, if you don't get me the very best place in the whole Coort for seeing an' hearing the fun, why I'll brake every bone in your body, an' lave you no more heads than a horse; so I will, you wicked decaivour!"

"Faith, my darling, you musn't do *that*, for I must keep myself right and tight for my splicing-day,\* musn't I, dearee?"

\* Wedding-day.

“ *Your* splicing-day, Sir Phelim ! — *your* splicing-day ! Ah, you cunning pair of sweet rogues ! ” ejaculated the minor priestesses of the tea-table, crowding round the widow and the Baronet, with vociferations, some in glee, some in envy. “ Is it come to *that* with ye both at last ? ”

The widow tried hard to look modest, but, finding success impossible, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and appeared to tremble in sweet timidity.

Sir Phelim saw his danger. The long slight *queue* that perked between his shoulders and his well-powdered and poinatumed wig, quivered in visible agitation at their owner’s predicament. Though not in Scotland, the Baronet felt the peril in which he stood ; and, resolving to evade the possibility of placing his “ single blessedness ” in jeopardy, he determined to indulge his imaginative genius in creating a fiction, perhaps not the most tremendous one that he had ever uttered. Action, as in greater geniuses, followed thought.

Sir Phelim, therefore, laughed more vigorously than any one present at the coarse jests and “ devilish good things ” resounding

upon every side, until at last, as if exhausted by his jocularly, he threw himself, and his dirty boots, full-length on a sofa, and, as if in breathless astonishment, asked, with a malicious twinkle of his little deep-set eyes—

“But how the divil, dearees, did ye guess that ould Sarsdale popped the question to me for her nace, Miss O'Moore, half an hour ago, when I fairly consented to make her my Lady O'Borer this day week?”

Mrs. Chatterlie abruptly paused in the midst of a mock-heroic harangue—whispered to some of her coterie on the subject of her projected nuptials with the Baronet—her hand became suspended in mid-air, and her tongue grew paralyzed between her open lips. This miracle, however, it was morally and physically impossible could last above a second; in the next she gasped forth, each feature quivering with passion—

“What's that you say, Sir Phelim?—what's that you say, Sir?”

“Only just that I'm going to marry Miss O'Moore, that's all, darling,” replied the Baronet, with provokingly cool impertinence.

“Marry Miss O'Moore!” screamed the widow, darting towards the object of her

vengeance, and holding up her arm as if about to fell him to the earth. "If I'm not downright ashamed of you, and your lies, and your doings, you ould Knave of Hearts! but I'll not putt up with them, Sir. I'll have you to know I won't; and that, if you *are* in airnest in what you say, I'll make you laugh at 't'other side of your mouth through the Law—so I will." And knitting wickedly her awful eyebrows, Mrs. Chatterlie looked magnificently the mighty defiance she had uttered, while, placing one arm a-kimbo, and holding the other still aloft, she stood right before the object of her "rejected addresses."

"Blug-an-oons, my darling sweet widow!" cried Sir Phelim, springing forwards and laying his hand on the arm of his fair assailant; "don't be getting into the heroics, an' blustherin' an' frettin' on *my* account. 'Tisn't but I'm grateful all over for your tinder anxiety an' all that; but faith, you needn't have any, my darling, for I'll be bound I'll be just as happy as the days are long with sweet Edith O'Moore."

"Happy! you great bag o' bones of a baboon that's neither fish nor flesh! you Harry-long-legs! that, fool as I am, I used to

call my own pet spider—you shall NOT be happy. The divil a——”

“Be more civil to your ould friend the divil, darling, an’ keep that big thumper of an oath within your teeth, an’ faith ’tis white as the snow they are, any how.”

“Keep you your palaver, and get out of my sight, body and bones, and out of my house this minute of time!” vociferated the enraged widow, losing all power of self-command. The next instant, her fury found vent in a passionate shower of tears, as in more subdued accents she sobbed forth—“Oh, ladies, friends, countrymen! I appale to ye all. Didn’t that robber of the heart put his finger in my eye, and stale my affections by his marked attentions this many a-day?—didn’t he pick up my handkerchief when it dropped on the floor this blessed night, and kiss it before he returned it back?—didn’t he choose me for his partner at whist, as often as I’ve fingers and toes, maning to insinivate that he’d make me his partner for life?—didn’t he always hand me up to my low-backed car from the Drums?—and when, by pure accident, I trod on his nasty great toe, didn’t he say, in his own

wheedling way, 'If you love me, sweet *creature*, tell me so, but don't dirt my stockings?' Oh, oh, oh! you *did*, you *know* you did, you arrant Knave of Hearts; and now you just want to shovel me into my coffin, to be food for reptiles as vile as yourself!" And, breaking forth into still-increasing anguish, Mrs. Chatterlie ended her pathetic appeal with woman's usual resource on such occasions—a burst of tears.

Thus admonished, Sir Phelim, beginning to think a public exposure of his past attentions to the widow, if given *au dessous des cartes*, might prove no joke, assumed a very puzzled and penitent air, looking vastly like a resuscitation of Apuleius's ass.

Men who have no affections always hate *scenes*; and the Baronet, being of that class, and knowing he *deserved* one on the present occasion, was proportionably annoyed, alarmed, and disconcerted.

Perceiving this, Admiral Colebrook, who had hitherto slyly enjoyed the *scène à l'outrance*, stepped to Sir Phelim's assistance; and, by a bold stroke, awakening the widow's curiosity, which he well knew was one of her leading passions, advanced and said, as

he dipped his finger and thumb into the pungent contents of his snuff-box and sniffed what in the present day might be termed a *Napoleonic* pinch: "O'Borer, are you perfectly certain Miss O'Moore is the lady Mrs. Sarsdale proposed for your acceptance? Take care, my friend, it may chance to be the other maiden at her house, who, if fame says true, is as beautiful as an angel, and who will have a better fortune than Miss O'Moore; at least if the current report but this day spread abroad prove correct, namely, that in some romantic way or other she has just discovered, and will establish her lawful claim to a very large estate in this country."

"A very large estate!—where is it? and who is *she*?" cried Mrs. Chatterlie, uncovering her face, and suddenly restored to wonderful composure by the cravings of her natural appetite for the new or the wonderful.

While the widow's attention was thus diverted from himself, Sir Phelim sagaciously slunk off, and, dreading a practical illustration of the philosophical fact of current affinity and its associated forces, quietly effected a retreat, acting probably under the additional motive of exemplifying in person an *ad libitum*

paraphrase of the adage of Hudibras, that—

“ He who *loves*, and runs away,  
May live *to love* another day.”

Scarcely had the door closed on the receding figure of the Baronet, and before the widow was aware of the abrupt exit of her faithless Lothario, Admiral Colebrook, in reply to her question, quietly said—

“ I understand her name is Dillon, and that she is the bosom friend of Miss O'Moore; but as to her previous history, or how she happens to have a claim on Irish property, I am completely ignorant. I only heard by chance an hour ago, what has hitherto been kept secret, that eminent men of law are engaged, by order of Mrs. Sarsdale, upon the subject, but it is one that, as yet, they are unwilling to discuss in public. And now, my little 'Revenue Cruiser,' waste no time in useless bombardments;—attack no more that practised man-of-war the O'Borer, who will always sheer off successfully; but mount the flag of truce instead of the Blue Peter, and may your next designs on smaller craft be quickly made, and with decided conquest over the shoals and the shallows you may en-

counter in attack. Again, good night, and *bon voyage*." Saying this, with a low bow, and a quiet but expressive smile, peculiar to himself, Admiral Colebrook left the room.

His example was immediately followed by the rest of the company, who evidently dreaded another call upon their sympathetic feelings by the deserted widow, while she, like a second Ariadne, was left either to bemoan the perfidy of her Irish Theseus, or to lay new schemes for the advancement of her matrimonial projects on prey more glib and less experienced than Sir Phelim O'Borer.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“Trifles light as air  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“So quick bright things come to confusion.”

IDEM.

“O Love! how are thy precious, sweetest moments  
Thus ever cross'd—thus vex'd with disappointments!”

ROWE.

BEFORE we proceed to more important scenes, it may be well to state briefly that much of the information given by the speakers whose conversation is reported in the last chapter was correct.

William Sullivan had been formally committed to prison, and Edith O'Moore was summoned to attend his trial at the Court-house of Cork upon that important occasion. Every generous mind will understand and sympathize in her emotions at the call thus

made upon her fortitude and feelings ; but, as no language could portray the effort with which she submitted to its imperious necessity, we refrain from an attempt that would be futile.

It was also true—as we have seen—that Lord Ogilvie, after having refused the testimonial of public gratitude offered for his recent important services, had returned to Sarsdale Villa covered with the applause of the wise and the good. No less was it matter of fact that legal steps had been taken by the advice and at the expense of Mrs. Dorothy for the recovery of the property of Eva, her niece's dearest friend ; but this proceeding had been, at the request of the prosecutor, conducted with such extreme privacy, that it was only by a singular accident that Admiral Colebrook had heard the vague report he mentioned at Mrs. Chatterlie's Congo *réunion*.

The sagacious reader need scarcely be informed that Ogilvie's first act on arriving at Mrs. Sarsdale's was to seek the fair being he had ardently loved so long, and to implore her to unite their destinies. Filled with this wish, almost to the exclusion of every other,

Lord Ogilvie poured forth the feelings of his soul with all a lover's vehemence, when, at the moment of his sudden return, finding Eva Dillon alone, he clasped her with transport to his heart, and besought her to be his, speedily and for ever. No fear mingled with his now happy love, and, anticipating success to his petition, he strained his treasured idol still closer to his heart, awaiting an answer to its fond request. The beloved girl trembled with a thousand mingled feelings. There was a choking in the throat—a heaving of the breast through excess of emotion—a burning blush upon the cheek. Why did she almost evade the answer sought?—Why, though she looked unutterable love, did her frame tremble with such agitation that she could not speak?

The happy spirit of Lord Ogilvie, stirred in all its depths, asked not for words in such an hour to confirm his hopes; and, taking silence for consent, he poured forth his thanks in language replete with passion and truth, while beseeching his beloved one to name the day for their immediate marriage.

“Not yet—not *quite* yet—dearest!” gasped Eva Dillon, suddenly raising her head from her lover’s shoulder. “Circumstances—oh how unexpected!—have arisen since you left, which oblige me to postpone our union for the present. I did not write them to you, because”——Eva stopped, and again there was the silence of a moment between them. There was a curl upon Ogilvie’s lip which almost frightened our heroine, and, fearing that it wrapped up something like the canker in the bud, she added, in a hasty voice full of smothered emotion—“And now—even *now* when you are with me, I am so bewildered by your sudden re-appearance, and with all I have to say—all—all that’s passing *here*——” She faltered; and, pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, the trembling girl abruptly ceased to speak, and eloquently looked what in such vague and hurried words she had so rapidly and imperfectly expressed.

With a hastiness of conception, not unnatural though erroneous, Ogilvie, under the quick revulsion of his feelings, now betrayed emotions almost akin to anger and suspicion. Filled with alarm and astonishment, he gave way to an impetuosity so nearly amounting

to distrust, that the gentle and exquisite being on whom his unjust jealousy fell, became utterly unable to refute them, except by a look of love; so pure, unmixed, and fervent, that nothing short of the deadly poison which "the green-eyed monster" can distil into the recesses of the human heart, could have neutralized the blest assurance it was intended to convey.

As it was, however, Ogilvie, influenced by fears and agitation that defied the power of concealment, accepted not that silent pledge, but, in a delirium of opposing feelings, he impetuously required to know distinctly what *new* obstacle had arisen during his absence to mar the hope—dearer to him than life, and which had been so often urged, to be as frequently defeated.

Eva Dillon tried to frame some answer, but though she smiled, as only requited and requiting affection *could* smile, yet the agitating nature of all she knew she had to impart ere her lover's mind could be completely relieved was too much for the overstrained state of her feelings, and not one syllable could she utter beyond a few brief words, which referred Ogilvie to Edith O'Moore for all necessary explanations.

What this request could possibly portend, the agitated lover waited not to inquire, but, springing down stairs, he rushed to Miss O'Moore's sitting-room. The next moment found him in her presence.

## CHAPTER. XXII.

"Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,  
Like steel in tempering fire?—because I *loved*!"

BYRON.

"Let judging Reason draw the veil aside."

OGILVIE.

—— "And she spoke  
In sighings wild, that fluttering broke  
From the heart's prison, where they had slept  
A long sad slumber."—BANKS.

EDITH was alone. The unexpected and unannounced appearance of Lord Ogilvie produced the most startling effects. The marble paleness of her aspect and the corpse-like rigidity of her features were frightful to behold in any living being, as, unable from emotion and surprise to leave her seat, she extended her hand to his Lordship, her lips moving mechanically, while low sounds, that were not words, escaped them.

Smote with unspeakable alarm at an agitation which seemed to confirm his worst sus-

pitions, Ogilvie, remembering nothing upon earth but Eva Dillon, distractedly exclaimed, "Edith! Edith! why this dreadful emotion? Speak! in mercy speak! and end suspense that almost turns my brain. Eva has referred me to *you* for an explanation of the fatal cause which leads her again to postpone our marriage. I will not bear it—by Heaven, I will not, if her affections still are mine! Oh God! the misery of that IF"—and, scarcely able to articulate from eagerness and agitation, he paused, visibly trembling in thought too agonizing for endurance.

"She loves—adores—is worthy of you—and will soon be yours for ever!" said Edith, slowly, and fixing her large, dark, melancholy eyes on Ogilvie.

The solemn tone in which those words were uttered, and the evident effort that attended them, startled his Lordship, but only for a moment; for their emphatic import brought such rapture to his heart, that all other considerations vanished, and, seizing Edith's hand, he pressed it in convulsive transport to his lips.

Crimson blushes mounted to the cheeks of Miss O'Moore, and then as instantaneously

retreated, leaving her if possible still paler than before, while her features quivered and her eyes grew bloodshot with the intensity of inward feeling.

“Edith—dear Edith—forgive me! I have terrified you by my wild impetuosity. Let us be calmer. There—rest a moment, and then tell me all,” he added, gently laying her head upon his shoulder, and gazing with tender anxiety upon her features, while, drawing her closer to his side by the hand he still retained, he pressed it fondly, with the privilege of ancient friendship, holy and pure as that which brother feels for sister.

She shivered in every limb, and without uttering a word tried to withdraw her hand;—Ogilvie felt that it was cold and clammy like that of the dead. The unmistakable agony of the exquisite creature he beheld as, quickly raising her head from his shoulder, she, with a miserable effort at a smile, resisted his attempts to chafe her icy fingers, recalled to memory the fervent words she had breathed unconsciously upon the deck of “Le Vaillant!” With their remembrance came the then half-excited suspicion

of her attachment to himself, which afterwards he had dismissed as perfectly unfounded, so that the circumstance, until the present memorable moment, had almost passed away from recollection.

“My precious friend—my own—my Eva’s sister!” he exclaimed, instantly relinquishing her hand, as a sickening chill—an unutterable feeling, never but once before experienced, came over him—“You are ill—I will leave you—will not hear you speak—not one word at present, sweetest Edith,” whispered Ogilvie, in a voice of exceeding gentleness, and even more respect, while, making a wretched attempt at a smile, in agitation scarcely inferior to her own, he rose from the sofa to depart.

The whole of this little scene was so sudden, so unexpected, by either party, that both seemed to have lost their powers of self-command.

Miss O’Moore’s lips remained parted, as if in a vain effort to speak, for no sound escaped them; but, though she felt as if sinking into the ground beneath, and would have been only too glad to have been thus sheltered, yet she clasped her hands with intense eagerness,

and, moving forwards a single step, laid a detaining grasp upon the arm of Lord Ogilvie.

The wretched expression of resigned despair about her mouth was miserable to see in one so beautiful—so young. Her throat filled up to suffocation; but though a throe of hopeless agony was labouring in her heart, she made a great and visible effort to control it, while, in a slow voice and with eyes bent down upon the ground, the single word "*Remain!*" found utterance.

It is not in the power of language to convey the conflicting emotions which shook the usually firm nerves of Ogilvie, when he obeyed the significant movement of Edith's hand, as she motioned him into a chair, and sank into another at a little distance.

Both were for several minutes profoundly silent, each evidently labouring under intense excitement. Miss O'Moore was the first to speak, and the cold, deliberate tone of her voice, as, raising her eyes from the ground on which they had been riveted, and fixing them upon Ogilvie, she said, "I will briefly tell you all," relieved his heart, and almost

convinced him that his suspicion of her fatal attachment to himself was altogether unfounded. Yet not greater is the last struggle of the soul when parting from the body than that which Edith O'Moore had made, ere she acquired the seeming composure she now evinced. She moved her chair still more into the deep embrasure of the curtained window, so that the expression of her countenance could not be easily detected, and then, without the most distant allusion to herself, the noble-minded girl at once reverted to Eva Dillon. She dwelt long and fondly on the perfections of her character, and the true devotion of her heart. The theme soon engrossed her to the full exclusion of every other interest, and gradually she kindled into such warmth of language and of feeling, that her previous constraint melted away like ice beneath the sunshine. But as the circumstances she detailed, explanatory of the recent conduct of her friend, involve many singular events, the recital of which was continually interrupted by the strong emotion and anxious interrogations of her auditor, we judge it best to communicate them by our own matter-of-fact pen

in the subsequent chapter, unimpeded by a lover's impetuosity, and accompanied by other details indispensable to the perfect elucidation of our history.

Before, however, we proceed to do so, it is necessary to account for the great embarrassment evinced by our heroine in the first scene with her lover after his sudden return to Sarsdale Villa.

There are many mysteries in a woman's heart, and perhaps the desire so frequently evinced by the female sex (despite their reputed garrulity) to interdict communication even on an important subject, if delay holds out the possibility of affording "an agreeable surprise," may be classed among them. Be this as it may, certain it is that Eva had resolved to conceal her now brilliant prospects from Lord Ogilvie until they were crowned with success, determining to await that happy consummation ere she accepted his hand in marriage. In this plan—perhaps partially dictated by womanly pride—she had with some difficulty induced Edith and Mrs. Sarsdale to participate, and, acting upon it herself, the scene we have described took place which had nearly led to unpleasant

results. Be it also said, *en passant*, that the admirable sense of Miss O'Moore, comprehending, from the displeasure of Lord Ogilvie, the suspicions which that little *ruse* had caused, she no longer felt herself justified to continue it, and therefore had revealed *every* circumstance connected with the present fortunes of her friend before the close of the interview we have just narrated.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks  
The verdict of its shame."—YOUNG.

"Tutto è sciolto."

—— "A time must surely come  
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom."  
SOAME JENYNS.

"Raise we the curtain of the past,  
What dreadful scenes appear!  
Mysteries disclosed—and wrongs avenged!"  
OLD PLAY.

To accomplish the object we have announced—namely, a recital of necessary *éclaircissemens*—we must retrograde many years in order to convey succinctly to the reader a train of circumstances as essential to the dramatic course of our history, as they were influential on the fate and fortunes of its leading personages.

The memorable conversation recorded as having passed between our heroines, and the equally important revelations of Norah in the Castle of Ardea, have doubtlessly im-

parted so much of the real history of Evans to leave little novelty in the remaining information which we, as a faithful Chronicler, and with the privilege conferred on us in that capacity, feel called upon to give. It must be evident to the peruser of the past pages—*imprimis*—that she is the legitimate grand-daughter of the Marchioness of Tullibardine, through the union of the Lady Janet Murray with Dermond O'Sullivan, the former Chief of Ardea Castle, and the first cousin of the notorious *pseudo* Earl of Bearhaven, whose final fate we have recently recorded.

Taking as authentic (which we empower the reader to do) all the circumstances collected by Miss O'Moore from Jessie Campbell, and detailed by the former to Lord Ogilvie, it will be equally clear that the devotion of that attached domestic was unquestionable.

So convinced was Lady Janet O'Sullivan of her fidelity, truth, and intelligence, that she had despatched her on the all-important mission to the Marchioness of Tullibardine without a doubt of the speed and zeal which would be exerted in its execution.

Jessie had sailed for France four months previously to her beloved mistress's premature *accouchement*, and under the full belief that her own return to Ireland would long precede the appearance of an infant scion to the ancient genealogical tree of the chieftain of Ardea Castle.

As time, however, rolled on without the re-appearance of the absent servant, great anxiety was created in the minds of Lady Janet and her husband; and when, after prolonged inquiries, no tidings whatsoever of the vessel in which Jessie embarked had been received in any quarter, the natural conclusion of her death by its destruction at sea was in grief reluctantly believed by them, and mentioned as a certainty to the Chief of Ross Mac Owen.

The constant agitation of mind which under such circumstances Lady Janet experienced, brought on her sudden and premature confinement in Ardea Castle, where she had lived in concealment quite as strict as that observed in her former retreat, while so successfully had it been practised, that no individuals, excepting her husband, one female attendant, and the Chief of Ross

Mac Owen were aware of the fact of her Ladyship residing there. A few mornings previously to the birth of the infant Eva, the Chieftain of Ardea (not expecting that event for many weeks) rode out with a few Clansmen on important business connected with the litigation respecting his property, then drawing rapidly towards a favourable termination, and expecting to be some days absent from his Castle.

In one of the rude mountain-districts through which he was obliged to pass, he was surprised and dismayed at finding his Cousin of Ross Mac Owen (beloved despite of all his errors) alone, surrounded and attacked by a party of revenue officers, under the accusation of having carried on illicit traffic with the coast of France. To see this, and to rush to the aid of his kinsman, were simultaneous movements. In conjunction with his brave followers, the Chief of Ardea succeeded in effecting the retreat of the assailants; but, as they were in the act of flying from the scene of combat, he received a random shot which felled him to the earth, and proved eventually fatal.

The wounded man, feeling that death was

near, requested the Clansmen who crowded round him to retire to a distance, stating that he urgently wished to speak to his Cousin in private. The order was obeyed in silent grief. The few moments that then remained were employed by the dying Chief in imploring his kinsman to break the intelligence of his death with the utmost precaution to his wife, who, with his expected child, he solemnly confided to the guardianship of the Chief of Ross Mac Owen, appointing him his sole trustee; and further supplicating him to see them put into possession of Ardea Castle, which, as his nearest surviving relatives, would be their lawful inheritance.

With almost superhuman efforts he proceeded, at broken intervals, to entreat The O'Sullivan-Beare to escort to France the Lady Janet and her babe as soon as it was born, in order to consign them both to the care of the Marchioness of Tullibardine, after which he besought him to return to Ireland to expedite the long pending litigation respecting the Ardea estate.

The struggle of departing life almost checked the power of further utterance; but making a desperate effort, the dying Chief-

tain raised himself upon his arm, and, collecting all the remnant of his fleeting strength, he ejaculated in a hoarse, faint, but distinct voice, full of condensed emotion,—

“ O’Sullivan-Beare ! I know you to be a man of error ; but never will I believe you a man of crime ! I could not summon my Clansmen to witness my last words, because as yet I do not wish my marriage known. Kinsman ! the darkness of the dying gathers round me. Give me your hand in token of truth and determination to do all I have implored. Convey my dying blessing to my wife and unborn child,—and swear—in mercy swear, to be their faithful Guardian. Then I will die in peace ! ”

The hand—the oath—were given. A gleam of unutterable gratitude lighted up the features of the expiring Chief, and, pressing the hand he held with the firm grasp of dissolution, a convulsive shiver passed through his body as he fell back upon the ground, gave two or three deep-drawn gasps, and then, without a struggle or a moan, his spirit winged its flight to another and a better world !

For several moments The O’Sullivan-Beare

stood gazing on the corpse,—many more elapsed before he summoned the Ardea Clansmen, who, unconscious of the death of their Chieftain, stood at a distance.

During that awful pause, dark, dangerous thoughts—thoughts fraught with the peril of his immortal soul—mingled with others of a far different and better nature, rushed through the mind of The O’Sullivan-Beare. There was a strong mental struggle between good and evil; but it was a short one, and eventually the dictates of conscience succumbed beneath the diabolical suggestions of self-interest. The Chief of Ross Mac Owen, goaded by the master-passion of his soul—ill-regulated ambition—resolved, after a brief contest with his better nature, to sacrifice every feeling of honour and duty at its shrine. The temptation of succeeding as heir-at-law to the estate of Ardea Castle (to which he would have been entitled had its late Chieftain left no legitimate issue) was too great to be resisted; and, ere he quitted the side of the man who died in his defence, he secretly resolved to usurp the rights of those so solemnly intrusted to his care, and whom he had sworn to protect.

Hypocrisy which affects the air of Virtue is in itself the worst vice.

The dissimulation of the Chief of Ross Mac Owen's character now found an ample field of action, and never had been more successfully exerted.

Summoning the Clansmen of his late  
\* Cousin, he affected to more than share the grief, surprise, and horror they expressed at the lamentable death of their beloved Chieftain. He caused the corpse to be taken immediately to Ross Mac Owen, where the greatest display of respect for the deceased was publicly shown, ere the body, attended by the whole Clan of The O'Sullivans, was committed to the grave.

The next act of the wily Chief was to reveal his intended plan of usurpation to Father Syl and Dan Connell, both of whom (believing Jessie Campbell dead) he was convinced were the sole depositaries of the secret marriage of the Lady Janet Murray, an event which was never communicated to William Sullivan in after life. At the period of which we speak he was of tender years, and resided with a relative high in power at the Court of Spain.

It was quite unknown to The O'Sullivan-Beare that the confession and certificate of that union had been intrusted to Jessie Campbell for delivery to the Marchioness of Tullibardine; as the newly-wedded pair had fully resolved to conceal the most important of its contents until the answer arrived which would acquaint them with the result. It had, therefore, been briefly stated in general terms to The O'Sullivan-Beare that the despatch had been sent to Lady Tullibardine merely to assure her that her daughter was alive, in health, and in most honourable hands; leaving him to imagine that the disclosure of the marriage would not be revealed until after the birth of the expected infant, who it was naturally supposed would be an irresistible claimant to the affections of its grandmother, as well as to the forgiveness of its parents. However, even had The O'Sullivan been aware of the whole nature of the transaction, it would probably have had but little influence on his proceedings, since, firmly crediting the death of Jessie, he would have consequently concluded that the packet containing such im-

portant documents had perished with the bearer in a watery grave.

Aware of the extraordinary precautions which had been so successfully taken to conceal his Cousin's marriage not only from the public, but from every individual except three witnesses, The O'Sullivan felt not the slightest apprehension of its discovery but from one source—the lips of Lady Janet herself. To avoid this danger, a thousand expedients suggested themselves to his fertile brain; but he left the adoption of the most advisable one to a future time, and maturer reflection.

Feudal obedience to the wishes of their Chieftain, and wild devotion to his person, were too omnipotent over the hearts of Father Syl and Dan Connell to allow principle to raise even the shadow of an objection to the nefarious project which, with a just confidence in their co-operation, The O'Sullivan, under oaths of secrecy, communicated. On the contrary, his confederates, fired with ambition to achieve a scheme which would replenish the diminished coffers of their Chief, and add considerably to the

number of his vassals, as well as to their own self-importance, urged the danger of delay, and insisted on the necessity of instant action.

After much discussion it was finally agreed that, to give a colour to their proceedings, and to enhance the character of their Chief, he should immediately adjourn for a short time to Ardea Castle, under pretext of doing penance for the death he had so *innocently* caused, and to pray for the soul of the beloved kinsman who had lost life in defending his. In announcing this intention to his Clan, The O'Sullivan expressed his desire (ever obeyed as a command) that the unbroken solitude necessary for those purposes might be uninviolated until they were accomplished; adding, that Father Syl as his Confessor, and Daniel Connell as his servant, were the only individuals who could be permitted to accompany him. Escorted, therefore, solely by them, The O'Sullivan commenced his journey to Ardea Castle, amidst the fervent benedictions of his serfs, who regarded the self-imposed penance of their Chief as an additional and irrefragable proof of his attachment to the ties of blood,

as well as of his pious reverence for the *dicta* of the Roman Catholic Church.

*En route*, future schemes were more fully arranged between the Master of Ross Mac Owen and his devoted companions, subject, however, to any alterations which after-circumstances might require.

The course of vice is always progressive, and at this comparatively early epoch of the life of The O'Sullivan-Beare his mind rejected with horror the idea of actual murder as an agent in achieving his ambitious and dishonourable design. Relatively, however, it seems to have entered his thoughts, as among other projects hereafter to be perfected he adopted the barbarous plan of suddenly announcing the death of the Chieftain of Ardea to his wife in the hope that such a shock might prove fatal in its effects.

On arriving at Ardea Castle, the consternation of the conspirators was great at finding that Lady Janet O'Sullivan had given birth safely but prematurely to the being we have hitherto designated as Eva Dillon. Notwithstanding this, The O'Sullivan, under pretence of being the bearer of a most important message from her absent husband,

sought and gained a *tête-à-tête* with the young mother, when he communicated the death of her Lord with such cruel abruptness, that, as he expected, the sudden shock thus barbarously given eventually terminated her existence.

While his Master was thus employed, Dan Connell descended to the kitchen to exercise his penetration in ascertaining whether the Lady Janet's only personal attendant (the faithful *locum tenens* of Jessie Campbell) was aware of the fact of her mistress's marriage with the late Chief of Ardea Castle, a point he deemed it essential to know under existing circumstances.

In consequence of the Lady Janet's situation it had been necessary to trust and to continue the services of the girl in question, who, devoted heart and soul to her Mistress, was the only female domestic at Ardea Castle. No other servant ever saw its Chieftain's wife, or suspected her existence, so inviolable was the secrecy maintained on her behalf. The few humble Clansmen whom the Master of Ardea retained about his person were in equal ignorance upon the subject, and had all accompanied him on the memorable expedition which terminated his existence.

Thus, the attached attendant of the Lady Janet O'Sullivan was the only domestic within the walls of the Castle at the moment of which we treat.

The uncorrupted fidelity of this poor girl had afforded the greatest comfort to her Mistress ; but, as the web of feeling is ever of "mingled yarn," so this potent source of consolation was damped by constant solicitude regarding the health of her faithful Servant, as from childhood she had been afflicted with epileptic fits. On the occasion of the sudden *accouchement* of her Mistress, the attached creature had suffered extraordinary agitation ; and when, at the command of The O'Sullivan, and by the desire of Lady Janet, she left them to a *tête-à-tête*, anxiety was excited to such an unusual pitch, and previous fatigue of mind and body had been so great, that, on reaching the untenanted kitchen of the castle, she had merely had power to throw herself into a chair when she was seized with a dreadful fit which instantly ended her existence. In this state Dan Connell found her. As soon as convinced that she was actually dead, he flew to his Chief, and, drawing him aside, revealed the fact, it must be confessed with

no feelings of dismay, as he considered the irrevocable removal of an important witness to the proceedings at Ardea Castle in no other light than that of a signal and important benefit.

With a ghastly countenance, and in hoarse guttural accents, The O'Sullivan sternly inquired whether death had been dealt by the hand of God or Man? On receiving the solemn and true assurance that the girl had expired in an epileptic fit, the Irish Chief was instantly tranquillized, and even expressed his satisfaction at an event which guiltlessly removed an individual who might have interfered materially with the accomplishment of his projects.

A few words of kindness from The O'Sullivan soon pacified the indignation Dan Connell had expressed at the suspicion of having—to use his own words—"murdered the poor innocent who had naither done harum to kith or kin;" and, with the energy of his singular character, he the next moment appeared almost to forget the circumstance, and began to evolve a thousand new schemes for the future benefit of his Chief, without deciding upon any. The trains of thought

which meanwhile passed through the mind of The O'Sullivan were such as to defy description. At length, bewildered by a host of unformed phantoms of the brain, he determined to return to Lady Janet's apartment, and to be guided in his future proceedings mainly by the force of circumstances.

On re-entering the chamber, he found her sunk in a sleep, which, from the expression of her countenance, he clearly saw preceded that of death.

The dreadful intelligence of her husband's decease so cruelly communicated had, as calculated, proved too much for her gentle spirit, which in a few short hours was destined to return to Him who gave it. Whether remorse, that gangrene of the soul, or the milder attribute of pity, filled the breast of The O'Sullivan while he gazed on the beautiful being who lay before him as his dying victim, we have no means of deciding ; but, whatever was the cause, he sternly rejected the diabolical suggestion which for one moment rose to his mind to destroy the new-born infant after its mother's death ; and mentally swore that banishment to a foreign land, not murder, should be the fate of the unconscious babe

who lay upon the bosom of an expiring mother.

No sooner was the Chief's determination formed on this point, than, summoning Dan Connell to the door of the apartment, he in a low but firm voice announced it, when the devoted *Valley de cham*, not daring to offer any objection, immediately proposed to bring his lately widowed sister, Norah, to Ardea Castle in the *vi-et-armis*-way already mentioned, in order to act as future Nurse to the unfortunate infant.

This plan, being approved by The O'Sullivan, was instantly executed, and—as detailed in Norah's confession—she arrived just in time to witness the closing of the solemn scene she described so faithfully to Eva at Ardea Castle. With the majority of the incidents which followed that event the reader is already acquainted. The pretended Captain Smith has been long since recognised as the veritable O'Sullivan-Beare. Perfectly unconscious that the Marchioness of Tullibardine remained in France after the decease of her Lord, in order to fulfil his last injunction to aid the Jacobite party there, the Irish Chief, even before the secret

burial of the Lady Janet O'Sullivan, despatched Dan Connell and his sister, with her infant charge, in one of his Cutters, to the Gallic shore. There the trusty *Valley de cham* settled them in a small cottage on the coast of Bretagne, which he little imagined lay at a short distance from the retired Château occupied by the Marchioness of Tullibardine.

Delighted at having the heiress of Ardea Castle placed in what seemed perfect security from all danger of discovery, Dan Connell returned to Ireland, where his Master rewarded him with honours and thanks innumerable.

After the farce of grief for the death of the Chieftain of Ardea had been duly enacted, The O'Sullivan-Beare, as heir-at-law, took possession of his late Cousin's estate, litigation having terminated in favour of the deceased. But, probably from remorseful associations, he always resided at Ross Mac Owen, in preference to the more stately edifice of Ardea Castle, which hence fell into a state of utter dilapidation. Incessantly engaged in illicit traffic with most of the coasts of Europe, "Murty the Rover," as he was

often popularly called, found no time to visit the youthful cousin he had thus shamefully defrauded, for whose use, however, he regularly sent an annual stipend to Norah, which was always brought by her brother Dan, who in his capacity of confidential "*Valley de cham*" never failed to insinuate that the *sobriquet* of "Smith," adopted by his Master, was rendered necessary from the fact of Eva being his illegitimate daughter by the lady whom Norah had seen expire in the Castle of Ardea. That hint was always accompanied by an injunction never to breathe it to the child, who was ordered to be brought up in the belief that The O'Sullivan was her legitimate guardian, appointed by her deceased parents, who, owing to most mysterious and dreadful circumstances, had on their death-beds commanded the perpetual concealment of their names from their only surviving offspring. This obligation, sealed by a forced oath, was, as we have seen, held binding by the faithful Norah, though mentally she questioned the truth of her brother's insinuations, and doubted the veracity of the statements she received. It was not until her lovely charge had attained the age of

ten years that The O'Sullivan could withdraw himself from his lawless pursuits, even for the visit of a few hours, which he made alone under the assumed name of Captain Smith, and in the character of Eva's guardian.

On that occasion futile had been the strenuous and private efforts of Norah to arrive at the truth of the real relation in which her Chieftain stood to her infant charge. The old story was insinuated in stronger terms than ever, as the Chief of Ross Mac Owen, with much apparent kindness, stated (without *actually* asserting his paternity) a determination never to cast the slur of illegitimacy upon Eva Dillon. This was followed by a repetition of his resolution to keep her always in a foreign country, and to act the part of a generous guardian through future life, under the fictitious name which circumstances never to be revealed had compelled him to assume towards her. Though the sagacious Nurse found it impossible to school her mind into a positive belief of all her Chief so studiously endeavoured to impress upon it, yet, unable to disprove his assertions, and influenced by the oath she

had been forced to take in Ardea Castle, the faithful creature suffered constant and intense solicitude, without, as she conceived, the power of gaining certainty or alleviation.

The vicinity of the Cottage to the residence of Lady Tullibardine had, while Eva was yet an infant, thrown her under the notice of the Marchioness, who, struck with her remarkable beauty, and the likeness which each revolving year more fully developed to her own lost daughter, became eventually as much attached to her as if she had been aware of their strong ties of consanguinity. The mysterious hints which Norah, in the beautiful simplicity of her character, sometimes let fall respecting Eva's history, combined with the neglect the lovely child experienced from every human being excepting her devoted Nurse, increased the Lady Tullibardine's interest in her behalf. To such an extent did this feeling progress, that ultimately the little Eva had, as the reader is aware, almost lived at the Castle, and participated in all those advantages of a first-rate education received by Edith O'Moore,

and to which, on the score of birth and fortune, the latter was entitled.

Those circumstances, however favourable to their object, it was deemed prudent to conceal from the *soi-disant* Captain Smith and Dan Connell, lest any interference might be made to deprive the youthful Eva of such important benefits. Besides, as long as the Marquis of Tullibardine lived, it was important to avoid any person from Great Britain who might report his political acts and conduct. Hence the vicinity and acquaintance of the Lady Tullibardine had been kept a profound secret. It was no slight gratification to that amiable woman to watch the exquisite affection which Edith and Eva—those two dear children of her heart—evinced towards each other. Her own sensibility, and acute perception of all that was excellent and noble in character and conduct, led her to set a just value on the benefit which the daughter of her departed friend, Lady O'Moore, would derive from companionship with and attachment to the sweet creature whom Providence had thrown in her path. She felt the cultiva-

tion of so dear a tie would prevent the growth of egotism and that undue self-importance which are so frequently observable in the character of an *only* child. The result was in exact accordance with her calculations, for never perhaps were the hearts of two beings more closely knit together than those of Eva and Edith.

As years rolled on, this attachment acquired a solidity beyond the power of any of those circumstances which influence the ordinary tide of human affairs to subvert or diminish, and was a sacred bond against even an approach to those wretched rivalries, vanities, and weaknesses which so frequently prevent the existence of real friendship between individuals of the female sex.

Happy in the confidence and love of those dear children, and constantly engaged in developing the forces of their minds while studying their individual characteristics, Lady Tullibardine found balm even under the anguish her husband's death inflicted, and eventually cherished the hope of reflected happiness in days to come. When the precious objects of all this care and solicitude had attained the age of girlhood,

Lord Ogilvie, in the early prime of life and genius, made a visit for political purposes to the Marchioness of Tullibardine. Distinguished—as we have seen—in the victories that attended many of the enterprises of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the perils he had thus encountered, and the constancy he had evinced, justly elevated him to the rank of a hero in the estimation of the young and enthusiastic beings who, under the *chaperonage* of Lady Tullibardine, enjoyed his companionship.

Having mixed in the first circles of the court of Louis XV., then the focus of everything brilliant and attractive, his Lordship's manners had acquired the most exquisite polish and refinement, without injury to the truth and purity of his heart. He had that chivalric and heroic perception of the good and the beautiful which belongs to lofty and idealizing spirits, and when thrown into the constant society of all that was enchanting in feminine beauty, and feminine tenderness, the natural consequences followed. As we already know, the whole force of passion and depth of feeling which belonged to Lord Ogilvie's noble character were called

forth, and fixed upon the captivating Eva. This attachment, we need not say, was reciprocated with intense devotion by its object. The affections, the taste, the intellect, the imagination, all entered into and enhanced the love thus mutually shared; and Nature, asserting her rights as superior to all conventional distinctions, gave her own imperishable talisman to guard it from caprice, or change, or blight. Our readers have already seen that Eva, even in the first moments of the fairy dream of poetry and passion which met her on the threshold of youth to lead her through the charmed regions of romance, had evinced that heroism of character which rendered the welfare of Lord Ogilvie far dearer than her own. Actuated by this sublime feeling, she persisted in a determination not to bestow her hand upon the man she so fervently loved, until the mystery of her birth, which fell like a blight upon the bloom and freshness of her heart, should be removed. Her influence over the mind of Ogilvie was so omnipotent, that, unable to refuse any of her requests, he, after many fruitless efforts to alter her resolution, yielded to a steadiness belonging

to her character, rather than to her years, and consented to conceal their attachment even from their dearest friends, until circumstances should prove more propitious to its avowal.

Thus, for many months, during which our hero availed himself of the ever hospitable invitations of the Marchioness of Tullibardine to domesticate beneath her roof, neither her Ladyship nor Edith O'Moore was in the slightest degree aware of the secret of the lovers. At the end of that time, a "trifle light as air" accidentally revealed it to both.

Far different to each were the effects of this unintentional disclosure.

To the Marchioness, notwithstanding the poverty and mystery which still surrounded her beloved *protégée*, it brought extreme happiness, from the conviction that a bright future awaited the child of her adoption.

To Edith O'Moore it revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact of her own perchance too great idolatry of Ogilvie, but which she knew to be the life of life within her! In that one fatal moment, she seemed to feel the tangible pressure of the hand of fate, direct-

ing her henceforth through the desert of existence with no deeper nor more earnest interest to lighten its gloom than that afforded by the reflected destinies of those she loved. Yet, even amid the agonies of hopeless passion, *this* consolation was hers—a conviction of the dignity of soul, the moral worth of its object; for, though Edith's loss was great in proportion to the pre-eminent qualifications of the man she loved, yet her strong intellect and high spirit, even under the pressure of silent anguish, acknowledged the vast increase of suffering which would have been her lot, had she had to endure that bitterest of earthly miseries—the bestowal of the wealth of the affections on one so wholly undeserving of the treasure as to bring the blush of shame to the cheek—the throb of burning scorn to the heart! This must ever be the case where the certainty exists of having lavished the richest stores of feeling upon one who ought to be an object of contempt to the woman lured on and wronged, were she but able to despise him—could she but bestow that wretched requital for the practised hypocrisy which, under the mask of love, won the deep

devotion of her heart to wrench it unto death! A woman of proper spirit will—at least eventually—do this; a weak one never. But from such a humiliating trial Edith O'Moore was spared; and, though her whole aspect spoke that happiness was no more within her, yet she bravely bore up against the blow, which, while it crushed her affections, gave strength to her mind. There was, in truth, a rare nobility of power in the character of the generous Edith, which, at this particular point of her history, sustained her in a manner absolutely inconceivable to minds differently constituted from hers. She but too well knew that, in as far as *self* was concerned, the event so unexpectedly revealed laid prostrate all her dreams of future happiness. She felt as much bereaved of Ogilvie's love as if she had lost it by the irrevocable hand of death. It never entered into *her* imagination to turn to new ties, or to seek in another that love which, in fond faith and delusion of heart, she had hoped from THE ONE to whom the virginity of soul—the youth of her heart—the treasure of her affections, had been sacrificed! But did she therefore cease to watch over, and to

pray for, the happiness of that dear *other self*?

No—unscathed by time, unchanged by circumstance, the devotion of her heart rested upon *his* felicity as the anchor of her hopes. She gloried secretly in *his* success—in privacy poured forth her sorrows when it was checked or darkened by the inevitable troubles of life, and felt that Ogilvie would ever be to her the all-in-all of earth—her fondest dream, the hope of meeting him in Heaven! The moral power of a love like this was so exalted—it led to such an unbending and heroic forgetfulness of self—that Edith O'Moore, so far from feeling jealous of the sister of her heart, was animated by a pure spirit of affection, which enabled her to rise above all the baser propensities of our nature. In creating for herself the blissful hope of happiness for Eva and Ogilvie in their future union, she was almost indemnified for the ruin of her own human visions, the memories of which she hived within her soul uncommunicated to the world's cold ear, and treasured with a something of the feeling which leads us to hang garlands on the tomb. Her resolutions were in accordance with the loftiness of

her character. She continued, therefore, to pour forth the devotion of her feelings upon Eva, while sharing all her youthful hopes and fears. In exercising the treasures of her own exalted mind by turning that of her innocent rival to the cultivation of those tastes and pursuits which her unerring judgment indicated as most likely to contribute to the respective happiness of Eva and Lord Ogilvie, Edith O'Moore also found supremest consolation.

Thus the two superior beings who, unconsciously, had doomed her to drain the cup of unrequited love even to its bitterest dregs, became the objects of her tenderest solicitude, most constant care, and deepest comfort.

But though the mighty source of hallowed affections which so peculiarly belonged to Edith's character, thus found an outlet at once so noble and so rare, yet the perpetual effort to tear from her heart the ruling, and—when TRUE—the most enduring of its passions, eventually destroyed her health, which drooped and withered in the contest; for the arrow is only mortal, when winged with the agonies of unrequited love. As soon, therefore,

as Mrs. Sarsdale's unexpected invitation arrived, Edith at once accepted it, in the hope that total change of scene, and a cessation from constant conversations concerning him whose image filled her thoughts, might in many ways prove beneficial.

Alas! how little can we look into futurity, or justly anticipate the joys or sorrows it may bring! That fatal visit to Ireland, in giving her into the power and possession of a villain, inflicted a blow to which even the agonies of her young heart, when first it knew the pangs of blighted hopes and crushed affections, were comparatively light!

From the hour of that fearful era in her history, Edith O'Moore felt that the last gleams of the sunshine of the heart had fled for ever.

In the months which rolled on (how heavily!) during her wretched captivity in the Pirates' Cavern at the Skelig Rocks, she had from time to time poured forth the record of her feelings upon paper to relieve their fervent intensity, which she had been enabled to do by having accidentally discovered writing materials there. But her main occupation had been to prepare in deep humility for the last great change from time to eternity,

which, to one doomed to' the bitterness of such a fate as hers, could only be considered as the most inestimable blessing.

Yet even the solemn duties in which she was thus almost constantly engaged, never obliterated the united images of Eva and Ogilvie from her heart. She felt she would have died a thousand deaths to give *them* happiness—*their* names ever mingled with her prayers and with the memories of the past, while the misery of the present found relief in the fervent supplications she was wont to offer up to Heaven, that before her transition to another world she might yet gaze once more upon, and know the fate of, the beloved ones in this.

How, almost miraculously, that ardent prayer was fulfilled, the reader knows. With the grave yawning beneath her feet, and under the deepest pressure of the dark doom that had awaited her, the holy aspirations of Edith O'Moore were heard and granted by a merciful Providence, in the unexpected manner which has been recorded in the preceding pages. The result shall be communicated in the following volume.

## N O T E S.

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NOTE I. See page 63.

The "Fathers of the Trinity" were a religious order founded in most Catholic countries soon after the Crusades for the purpose of exhorting the charitable to contribute whatever they could afford to the relief and liberation of Christian captives.

"Numbers from this benign association were constantly employed in promoting the object of their benevolent calling by preaching and other means; and the money collected was placed in a fund, to be afterwards devoted to the ransom of those who had been longest in captivity. . . .

"These beneficent ministers of peace and consolation, arriving at Algiers, notify their pious mission, state the sum of money they have brought, and on this  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is paid when landed, besides *usanza* to the Dey and his ministers: without the scrupulous performance of this last ceremony it is of no use to visit the coast of Barbary. When over, the 'Fathers' are provided with a convenient habitation and good interpreter. Their first object is that of liberating women and children, as those who are least able to bear the sufferings of captivity; the slaves longest in Algiers, and whose characters are most irreproachable, become the second care of the 'Fathers,' each bringing forward his little savings to complete the sum required for his ransom: this is fixed by the Dey.

"When the ransom is paid the slaves are given up to their deliverers; upon which a white cloak is presented to each. This is followed by the celebration of a solemn mass in the

Spanish hospital ; a procession is then formed to the Pascialick, where the *Iskerit*, or attestation of freedom, is delivered to the 'Fathers,' who take their formal leave of his Highness, and shortly after continue the procession to the place of embarkation, closely watched, however, by the Turks, to prevent any slave who may not have paid the ransom gliding into it."—See Pananti's 'Residence in Algiers.'

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NOTE II. See page 68.

"*The Cage*."—An account of that extraordinary habitation, dictated by Macpherson of Cluny, has been preserved.

The day after Cluny arrived, thinking it time to remove from Mallanauir, he conducted the Prince and his attendants to a little shieling termed Uiskchibra, which, though dreadfully smoky and uncomfortable, was more eligible in other respects as a place of concealment. Charles expressed no ill-humour at the *désagréments* of this miserable abode, in which they remained two days and nights. They then removed to a habitation, the most remarkable in which Charles had yet been—a curious half-aërial house called *The Cage*, situated in the wild recesses of the great mountain of Benalder, and which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be desired.

● Cluny's own description of "the Cage" has fortunately been preserved.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternilich, a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The house was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation, and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravelled. There were betwixt the trees,

growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage, it being of a round or oval shape; and the whole thatched or covered over with fog (*moss*). This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage.

"By chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and the other firing bread and cooking.

"Charles resided in this romantic retreat from the 2nd till the 13th of September, and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland."—*Chambers*.

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NOTE III. See page 101.

Of some of the individuals belonging to the *Ardea* branch of this family the following curious particulars are given by Mr. M'Gee in his interesting 'Gallery of Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century:'—

"In the year 1600 the castle of Dun-buidhe hung on the rocky coast of Bantry like an eagle's eyrie, covering with its loops the entrance into Bearhaven. A noble brood were they who nestled under its roof, rocked in their youth by the ocean blast, piped to by the curlew, and buffeted by the breakers to make them sturdy, and fearless of fence with the elements. The O'Sullivans Beare were a

high race once,—even then they were not to be jested with. The O'Brien and M'Caura in earlier times had scarce deeper roots in Munster, or more numerous offshoots, than had the lords of Dunkerron and Dun-buidhe. Of the latter branch was born the sailor-author whose name stands above, whose history follows.

"While a youth he was sent to Santiago de Compostella for the benefit of a Spanish education. Here he contracted so strong a partiality for the Spanish nation, that he entered into its naval service, and was soon distinguished for bravery and ability. At that time the ill-judgment of one man, Don Juan de Aguila, by his treaty with Mountjoy in 1602, gave a death-blow to the prosperity of that league, and caused the destruction of the family of Dun-buidhe. It was in this manner:—Don Juan in his Kinsale capitulations had agreed to admit Spanish garrisons. Amongst these was Dun-buidhe, but herein the Spaniard had reckoned without his host. The O'Sullivan-Beare was then an old man of more than ninety years; but he had for castellan one M'Geoghan, as brave a soldier as ever broke bread. When he was summoned to give up the key to Bearhaven, he boldly refused; and while the height of a breast-work remained of its walls, he and his brave fellows fought behind. The site of the fortress was at last won, and the few survivors of its garrison cruelly extirpated.\* This loss led to the flight of the chieftain's family, who, following the example of Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his companions, sailed for Spain. They consisted of Donald O'Sullivan-Beare, the patriarchal chieftain and his wife, his son Daniel or Donald, and two daughters, Helen and Norah. They arrived safe in the harbour of Corunna, where they took up their abode, and Donald followed the fortunes of his brother Philip upon the sea. But one death after another at last left Philip alone in the world. Donald was killed in an encounter with the Turks; his father, in his hundredth year, died at Corunna, and was soon followed by the life-long partner of his cares; Norah entered a convent, and assumed the veil; and Helen, returning to Ireland, was lost at sea. It is hard to imagine a more tragic dispersion of a household.

"Walter Harris blames this man for hating England. If he did not, he would be more than mortal, or baser than the brute. From

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\* "Mitchel's Aodh O'Neill," p. 217.

his earliest life he had seen nothing but treachery and bloodthirstiness among the people of that country.<sup>b</sup> Why should he not hate them with an intense hate? He did so, as was natural to his honest heart; and this antipathy was to him a holy feeling—what ambition has been to others, an inspiration and a stay. It was to him friends, family, inducement, and reward. With his ship upon the sea, with his pen in peace, it was the guiding spirit of his labours. How he must have longed to square accounts with England by gun and steel!—but the Spanish wars in the Netherlands and in Italy rose to prevent the gratification of his desire. Though now a captain in the Spanish navy, he seems to have been much in the harbours of the Peninsula, and very busily engaged in the composition of his historical works. The spirit of the age had often placed the historic pen and the chart in the same hands. Cervantes had left an arm behind at Lepanto—Lopez had sailed in the Armada—Camöens had doubled the Cape of Good Hope with De Gama—and Raleigh had coasted Eastern America from north to south. O'Sullivan may justly be added to the list of those inspired mariners.

"In 1621 was published at Lisbon, after having passed the ordeal of censorship, the Latin work of O'Sullivan known as 'The Catholic History.' It is now a rare work.<sup>c</sup> A brief summary of its contents may not be considered as irrelevant. It is in one volume quarto, divided into four tomes, subdivided into books, and dedicated to

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<sup>b</sup> "In the 4th tome of his 'Catholic History' he gives a graphic account of his uncle's assassination by Brown, an Englishman. This man had been fostered in his uncle's house and protected, and yet he offered his protector insolence and indignity. Philip thereon challenged him to the duel, and they were accompanied to the field by an immense concourse of people; amongst others by the old chief, who stood by during the combat. They fought with swords, and the Englishman was disarmed and craved his life. He then turned from the spot, and walking over to where stood his unsuspecting benefactor he pulled a dagger from his belt and struck him to the heart. Why should Philip O'Sullivan be blamed for an antipathy to the country of such wretches as this, and as the butchers of the brave M'Geoghan?"

<sup>c</sup> "There are copies in the library of the R. I. Academy, and in Marsh's library, Dublin."

Philip IV., who had just ascended the Spanish throne. It has never, we believe, been translated into English.

"Tome i. contains a topography of Ireland, highly extolled by Harris, who remarks that, from reading it, one would suppose the author personally acquainted with every parish in Ireland.

"Tome ii. is devoted to a most interesting account of the pilgrimage of Don Ramon de Perillos to St. Patrick's Purgatory, with a relation of how he there passed the night, and what strange sights he saw. Nor must we suppose ourselves privileged to sneer at the gravity with which he details the narrative. The famous cave of Lough Derg had long been an object of veneration and a subject for genius throughout Europe. It is said by the learned Father Prout, that stories current of its wonders in Italy gave Dante the first hint of his 'Il Purgatorio.'<sup>d</sup> Ariosto gives it a stanza in his 'Orlando Furioso;' and Calderon, at a somewhat later day, made it the groundwork for a drama played before the court of the Escorial. As early as the reign of King Edward the Third of England, a royal certificate was given to Malatesta Ungarus de Armenio, a foreign nobleman, setting forth that he had *bond fide* been a lodger in its mystical depths from sunset until sunrise.<sup>e</sup> O'Sullivan was not behind his age in writing his narrative, nor was Don Ramon de Perillos in undertaking his pilgrimage.

"Tome iii. contains an account of the English in Ireland, from the invasion of Henry Fitz-Empress to the year of grace 1588—the date of the voyage of the Armada.

"Tome iv. continues this narration up to the year of grace 1618.

"The two latter divisions of the work are those most worthy to be called historical. Many valuable documents are therein given, without which no one can rightly understand the nature of the Hiberno-Spanish alliance. The letter of Donald O'Sullivan-Beare to the King of Spain, complaining of the terms of De Aguila's Kinsale capitulation; the statement of Catholic grievances, by Florence Conroy; and other most interesting papers, are included in it. He also bestows much attention upon the wars of O'Neill and O'Donnell against Queen Elizabeth. 'He is the only writer,' says

<sup>d</sup> "Reliques of Father Prout," vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

<sup>e</sup> "Rymer's Fœdera," year 1358.

Mr. Mitchel, 'Irish or foreign, who gives an intelligible account of O'Neill's battles.' As Aodh O'Neill had been himself but a few years before in Spain, it is not unlikely that he had information upon these occurrences from the veteran warrior himself. Yet this is high praise for a work written in Portugal, and by one who could have no personal knowledge of the battles he has described.

"A great feature in O'Sullivan's story is his controversy with Usher about the ancient Irish church. He had written a life of St. Mochna, an ancient Bishop of Meath, which work fell under the censure of the antiquarian Primate, then occupying the same see himself. On the publication of Usher's work, 'The Antiquities of the Irish and British Churches,' O'Sullivan retorted, and Usher rejoined. The controversy was bitterly personal. 'He [O'Sullivan] is,' says Usher, 'as egregious a liar as any, I believe, that this day breatheth in Christendom.' Lynch, in accounting for him, remarks that he was a man-of-war, and 'wrote as fiercely as he fought.' In the University Library, in Dublin, among other of Usher's books, is a copy of O'Sullivan's reply, with every epithet disparaging to the Primate (and they were not very thinly sown) carefully cut out from beginning to end. A singular illustration of the soreness of offended self-love in great writers.

"Growing out of the former discussion, and connected with it, were his contests with some learned Thebans, natives of North Britain.—These had lately opened up a new field of historic controversy, pioneered by Buchanan. It was all about the terms *Scota Major* and *Scota Minor*, the Caledonians contending that the lesser was the greater country. They would have it, that every man recorded with credit, as a Scot, was born north of the Tweed and educated at St. Andrew's. They even laid hands upon the Calendar of Saints, and Dempster and David Camerarius, with iconoclastic zeal, began to untenant every niche in the national temple of Ireland, and thence to build up a pyramid of piety and learning on their own soil. The O'Sullivan Beare could not see these profane doings unmoved, and so he knotted a scourge of caustic argument and strong proofs, and, bundling together Richard Stanihurst and the Scots, scourged them vigorously. This work he entitled 'Zoilomastix.' It was licensed with great unction by the censors of the Portuguese Inquisition, and Mendoza, a native poet, prefixed some laudatory Latin lines to its contents.

"Having censured his opponents so severely for violating the truth of ecclesiastical history, he felt called upon not only to expose the false, but to produce the real. To this end he compiled the lives of SS. Kiaran, Declan, Aible, Abban, and Ibar; the five Christian bishops who first introduced Christianity into Ireland. These venerable men were labourers in the vineyard with the Deacon Palladius, and remained when he passed into another land. They offered the sacrifice before the voice from Foclut had reached St. Patrick in his sleep, but the apostleship was reserved for the stranger, not for them. When he came, led by the hand of God, they assembled at Cashel and conferred with him and agreed with him, but their names had been long eclipsed in the effulgence which hallows his.' In that age they ascended again to their rightful positions.

"In 1629 Philip O'Sullivan published at Lisbon a further 'Account of St. Patrick's Purgatory.' Patrick Lynch, in his 'Life of St. Patrick,' a work of considerable research, says, 'he wrote his "Patrician Decad," or "Life of St. Patrick," in elegant Latin; it contains ten books, and was printed at Madrid in 1629.' This work is also mentioned by Harris in his memoir of our isle's apostle, but rather in derogatory terms. He considers O'Sullivan unworthy of credit 'because he adduces no authority;' but Lynch says that he had before him, while writing his 'Decad,' 'two of the most ancient lives of the saint probably in existence, as creditable vouchers.'<sup>s</sup> Although far from having escaped the prevailing credulity of the old ecclesiastical writers, his work is very often mentioned by the moderns as, in the main, a dependable and well-considered performance.

"The titles of several fugitive pieces have been preserved as written by him. 'A Letter to Father Cantwell, of the Society of Jesus,' urging him to complete and publish an embryo Irish history; and 'A Latin Elegy upon the death of his father and mother, and the sad fate of his family,' were of that number.

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<sup>f</sup> "For a highly interesting account of these venerable persons, see Todd's 'History of the Ancient Church in Ireland.'"—London, 1845.

<sup>s</sup> " 'Life of St. Patrick,' " p. 72.—Dublin, 1810.

"Little more remains to say of this gallant pensman. Where his eyes were closed—whether a friendly hand smoothed his death-bed pillow—are as yet secrets. Whether he fell in naval battle or died on land—whether he retained his Spanish captaincy, or, entering a convent, became a mortified recluse, may yet be determined. But be the manner of his death what it might, he has claims upon our remembrance which no freak of fortune could diminish or take away. He stands before us a simple and easily understood character—frank, and betimes choleric, with great faith in his own religion, and great devotion to his country. He is almost the only Irish layman who, living abroad and serving a foreign monarch, *never* forgot that his first duty was to his birth-land—never forgot that his gifts and fortune were to be used for her benefit and honour. And let us be just to the Kings of the House of Hapsburg, who were the friends of the Irish soldier and the Irish scholar in those days. Their line is gone, their throne is crumbled, their palaces and gardens and wealth survive but in romance, yet they were friends to our fathers, and their misfortunes shall not chill our gratitude towards them. Their tombs may be destroyed, their inscriptions effaced: but while Irish hearts abide in the world their memories will find dwellings; and who will dislodge them thence?"

END OF VOL. II.

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Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.





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